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## Comment of the day

### New Philippines President

THE news from Manila has now been confirmed that the Philippines have a new President. The result will be widely greeted outside the country if it promises a clean-up of the administration which has been widely tainted with corruption. Garcia, the defeated President, took over the reins of office from the greatest peace-time leader the Philippines have ever known—Ramon Magsaysay—who died in an air crash in 1957.

Unfortunately Garcia was not in the same class. The rackets that have flourished in recent years have given the country a reputation second only to that of the Kwantung in its dying days in China. The country lacked a firm hand at the helm. Indeed the example from the top was one of extravagance, favouritism and laxity which was becoming an increasing embarrassment to the West.

MOREOVER low-income groups were finding it increasingly difficult to make ends meet. Inflation had caused widespread hardship and the grumblings of the poor made pitiful listening. Mr Macapagal has certainly a big task confronting him, but his close friendship with America should stand him in good stead. Mr Macapagal has had ample administrative experience serving as Vice President under Garcia, and there are great expectations that he will be able to redress the many local grievances as well as restore faith and respect for his country overseas.

# Opposition to unrestricted cotton imports EUROPE'S FEAR OF HK, INDIA

## Britain must join Common Market alone

Paris, Nov. 17.

A European textile leader today hinted that if Britain tried to enter the Common Market with no restrictions on Hongkong, Indian and Pakistan cotton imports, it would not be admitted.

The textile leader, Mr. Pierre de Galon, Manager of the French Cotton Industry Federation, who said that all its Common Market members shared his views.

## Rockefeller breaks up with wife

New York, Nov. 17. Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York, regarded as a potential 1964 Republican candidate for President, today announced that he and his wife of 31 years have agreed to a legal separation.

It is anticipated that the terms of the agreement will be incorporated into a subsequent divorce decree, said a statement from the family offices in Rockefeller Plaza.

The Rockefellerers have five grown children. The announcement said that a property settlement has been agreed to, but did not specify details.—AP.

## SUICIDE

Miami, Nov. 17. Capt. Julian Harvey, skipper of the ill-fated ketch, Blue Bell, that sank on Sunday night in the Bahamas, killed himself today in a Miami hotel.—UPI.

## King Saud's condition worsens

Beirut, Nov. 17. The condition of King Saud of Saudi Arabia was reportedly worse tonight. A special plane from the Aramco Oil Company arrived in Beirut today to pick up three medical specialists, who were then taken to the American hospital in Dahran, where the king is under treatment.

Earlier today the king was reported to have suffered an internal haemorrhage. Unconfirmed reports said the king was suffering from a stomach ulcer and would have to undergo an operation.—AFP.

## Jackie Kennedy has a spill



Mrs. Kennedy

Middleburg, Va., Nov. 17. Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, wife of the President, had a slight spill at a jump while riding with the Piedmont hunt today.

A close friend said it was nothing serious and the White House reported later that Mrs. Kennedy "is fine."

The White House would not confirm that Mrs. Kennedy had had any mishap.

Mrs. Kennedy's neighbour and friend, Mrs. Eve Foss, confirmed reports of Mrs. Kennedy's spill, however.

She said a photographer had tried to take Mrs. Kennedy's picture as she approached a jump and the horse had balked. Mrs. Kennedy just slipped off, but "got right back on," Mrs. Foss said.—AP.

## CUBAN CIGARS: WHY NOT ASK SIR WINSTON?

London, Nov. 17.

A peer suggested in the House of Lords that the government should consult former Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill on whether it should stop importing cigars from Cuba.

"Why not consult a heavy user of this luxury, as it has been described—Sir Winston Churchill?" asked Viscount Alexander.

Sir Winston's habitual cigar has become a characteristic of the war leader known throughout the world.

Lord Colyton suggested Britain should stop importing cigars from Cuba because the Cuban government has refused to pay compensation for British property it seized.

Also, he said, the present quota of Cuban cigars was limiting the number imported from Jamaica.

Lord Mills, Minister without portfolio, replied that the government had already demanded restoration of its property in Cuba and that Jamaican cigars had a preferential tariff.

It was then that Lord Alexander suggested Lord Mills should seek expert advice from Sir Winston.—China Mail Special.

## THE WEATHER

Light or moderate east winds. Cloudy with fair periods during the afternoon. At 8 am at the Observatory the air temperature was 74 degrees Fahrenheit and the relative humidity 85 per cent.

## DUKE DRIVES ROLLS ROYCE — AT 70mph

Cape Coast, Ghana, Nov. 17. Prince Philip took the wheel of a big open Rolls Royce today to drive at 70 mph from Accra to this ancient capital of the former British colony.

He drove with one hand, and waved the other to crowds of children lining village streets along the 80-mile route. Queen Elizabeth and President Nkrumah were in the second car of the royal motorcade. The hood was up to protect the Queen from the fierce heat—sizzling toward one hundred degrees.

Several members of the royal entourage had sore throats and queasy stomachs after Thursday's gruelling 10-hour schedule of engagements.

Those on the sick list include Major Otu, the Queen's Ghanaian ADC, and his son, a Ghana army commander. "Both the Queen and Prince are well," said a spokesman. "We hope they can keep clear of this sickness. We have all been given little pink pills to settle our stomachs."

The Queen attended a durbar of chiefs here and later visited Elmina Castle—further along the coast—one of the oldest European settlements in West Africa.

Addressing the durbar, the Queen referred to the town's long tradition in education. "I have been greatly impressed by efforts the government and people of Ghana are making in the education and economic spheres to transform the country into a modern and progressive state," she said.

The Queen was presented with a gilt model of the ceremonial litter used by chiefs. There were also gifts from Prince Philip and the royal children.—UP.

## MALAYANS READY TO MOVE IN — U.N. BOMBERS ATTACK CONGO MUTINEERS

Elisabethville, Nov. 17.

United Nations planes were reported tonight to have bombed three strongholds of the Congolese Army mutineers who massacred 13 Italian airmen at Kindu, Kivu Province, on Saturday.

Radio reports reaching here tonight said the planes attacked Pongt, about 45 miles east of Kindu, Samba Kasongo, a railway station serving Kasongo, southwest of Kindu, and Jimbombo, about 60 miles south of Kindu.

The commander of the Congolese troops in the Kindu area retaliated by giving orders that any U.N. or Air Congo planes flying over the Kindu area would be fired on, the reports added.

The reported U.N. attack came in the wake of Leopoldville reports that all airports around Kindu had been sealed off and that U.N. Malayan troops were standing by to move into the town to take the soldiers responsible for the murder of the Italians.

The Malaysians have not yet moved in, according to a U.N. spokesman in Leopoldville, and observers said the U.N. appeared reluctant to shed more blood in Kindu and endanger the civil population.

Resistance. The spokesman said the emphasis at the moment was on setting up the mixed U.N.-Congolese commission to investigate the massacre and interrogate those responsible.

Meanwhile, the Congolese troops were reported to be still out of control in Kindu, looting houses and terrorising the white and Congolese populations.

M. Godefroid Munongo, Katanga's Interior Minister, said here tonight that a pro-Katanga resistance movement was forming in and around Albertville, the important city on Lake Tanganyika, where

anti-Tshombe Balubas seized control last week. The African population, many of them in the bush outside Albertville, have armed themselves with bows and arrows and primitive guns, the Minister said. He added that United Nations and Congolese national army troops in Albertville were now unable to leave the city with safety.—Reuter.

## Russia wants talks with Finland

Helsinki, Nov. 17.

The Soviet Union has asked Finland to send a delegation to Moscow as soon as possible to discuss an alleged threat to peace in the Baltic area.

Foreign Minister Mr. Aho Karjalainen announced tonight that Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Mr. Vassili Kuznetsov told Finnish Ambassador Eero A. Wuori that there was an immediate threat to peace in northern Europe.

THE NOTE. Mr. Kuznetsov told Mr. Wuori that the Soviet government wanted to talk over matters brought up in a Soviet note of October 30.

In this note, the Soviet Union asked Finland to implement a 1948 mutual assistance and friendship agreement, which provides for joint action in case of threat of an attack by Germany or any state allied with her.

This pact does not provide for automatic joint defence measures. But the Soviets, by in-

voicing it, could require the Finns to discuss whether a danger actually existed and what should be done about it. It was believed earlier that the Finns could avoid these talks by giving the Soviet Union political assurances of Finnish neutrality. President Urho Kekkonen on Tuesday ordered new parliamentary elections for February 4-5.—UPI.

## WHITE SLAVER DEPORTED

London, Nov. 17.

Artilio Messina, 51-year-old Italian, sentenced in February, 1959, to four years imprisonment for procuring and living on the immoral earnings of women, was deported today from Britain.

Messina, who had completed his sentence with good conduct remittance, left from London Airport on a Comet jet airliner for Rome.

The Home Office ordered his deportation.—China Mail Special.

## Macapagal to file corruption charges

Manila, Nov. 18.

President-elect Diosdado Macapagal said last night he will file graft and corruption charges against some "big people" on Jan. 2, which would be his first working day as chief executive.

Mr. Macapagal, awaiting President Carlos P. Garcia's certain concession of defeat in Tuesday's elections, said he will lose no time starting court actions against leaders who, he believed, robbed the people during the defeated Nacionalista Party's administration.

He mentioned no names but said: "I tell you they involve big people."

TO SELL YACHT. The Liberal Party winner, who calls himself the representative of the common man, campaigned on a pledge to rid the Government of corruption or "allow myself to be shot."

"We have to do this," Mr. Macapagal said, "not as an act of political vengeance but as a solemn warning against those who would tamper with the will of our people."

Upon inauguration, Mr. Macapagal said, he will place on sale the US\$2.5 million Presidential yacht, the Lapu Lapu, and the Presidential Fokker plane, which Mr. Garcia used in his campaign trips.

"These are too luxurious for me," he said. "I can manage with smaller planes and boats as I did during my campaign."

REPARATIONS. Japan gave the yacht to the Philippines in part payment for World War II damages. In Tokyo, a Government spokesman said Mr. Macapagal was free to sell the ship.—UPI.

## 'Fair share' from HK

Paris, Nov. 17.

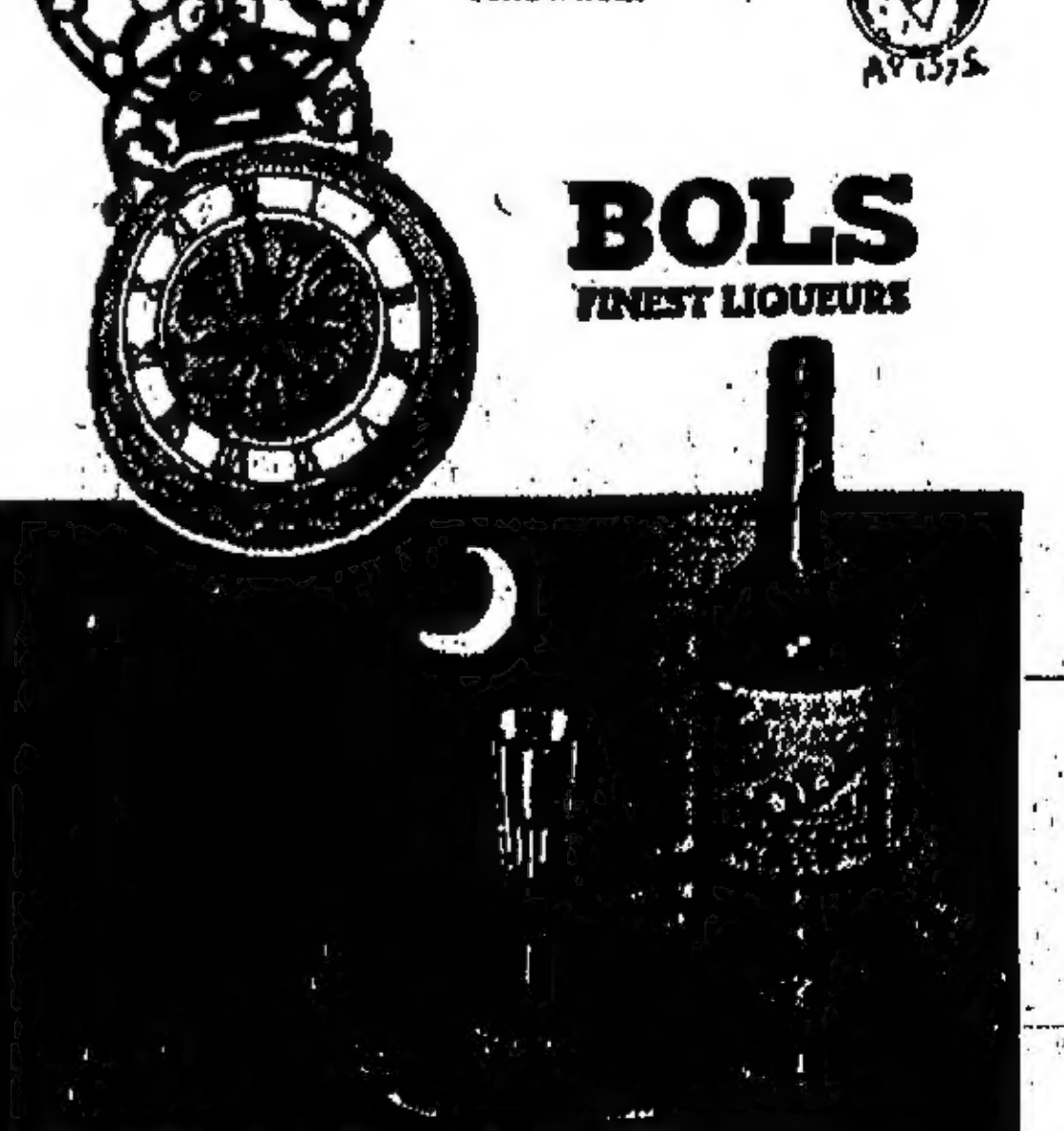
Nato member countries should accept their "fair share" of imports from Hongkong, Japan and newly developing countries. This was a recommendation made by a meeting of Parliamentarians from Nato member countries today. There was no elaboration on the recommendation reported in an AP cable.

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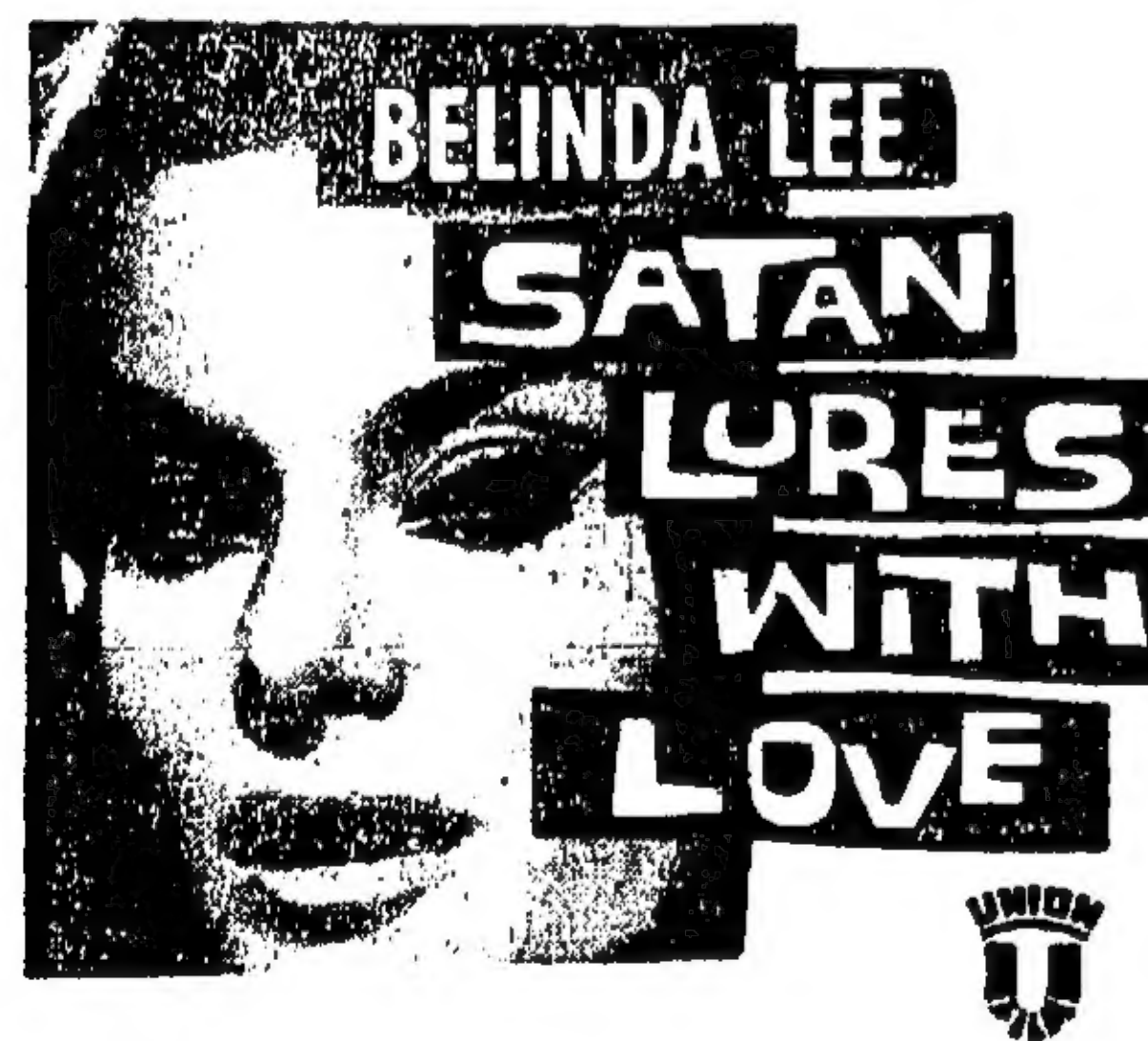
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"ULYSSES"QUEEN'S: 12.30 p.m. Paul Douglas in "KING CREOLE"  
ROYAL: 12.30 p.m. Gary Cooper in  
"LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER"SUNDAY MATINEES AT REDUCED PRICES  
STATE: 12.15 p.m. Marlon Brando • James Mason  
in "JULIUS CAESAR"QUEEN'S: 12.15 p.m. Pat Boone • James Mason in  
"JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE  
OF THE EARTH"ROYAL: 12.15 p.m. The Everly Brothers • Robert Wagner  
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Entertainment for the Young-in-heart  
from six to sixty!  
ALAKAZAM  
To-morrow 12.30 p.m.  
"HIGHWAY 301"FILMS CURRENT & COMING  
by ANTHONY FULLERADA (Hoover & Gala)  
This is a romantic  
melodrama which comes  
dipped in Metrocolor and  
stretched into CinemaScope.It concerns a gabby guitar  
player who falls for a quick-witted  
girl with light morals, of  
whom he makes a good girl of  
her, and subsequently wins a  
state governorship with her aid.  
The plot includes a back-  
ground of American politics,  
and a peep behind the scenes in  
which the hero outsmarts an  
unscrupulous political boss.  
The picture contains all the  
best things which have been  
said about American state poli-  
tics, and the plot that is pre-  
sented in high places.The expose is expertly  
handled, leads to high comedy  
and strong drama, interlarded  
with forthright romance.Susan Hayward has a role  
custom-made for her as the  
lively and intriguing Ada.  
Dean Martin is scarcely less  
effective as the bustling Bo, the  
country sheriff with the roman-  
tic touch.Wilfrid Hyde White is as  
polished as ever as the crafty  
Sylvester Martin, the sinister  
boss of the party machine and  
the hand-out of political  
contracts.The picture strikes one as  
authentic in design, and many  
a cutting line elates the audi-  
ence.The points are, the story  
interesting and holds your at-  
tention, the acting is first rate,  
in particular where Susan Hay-  
ward is concerned, and the  
atmosphere things that  
"A good show!"

★ ★ ★

THE SINGER NOT THE  
SONG (Queen's-Royal-  
State) This is the film ver-  
sion of Audrey Erskine  
Lindop's novel, which tells  
of an encounter between a  
priest and a bandit in a  
Mexican village.There are three novels which  
spring to my mind, which at-  
tempt to deal with the Catholic  
Church, when it encounters  
atheistic Communism. They are  
"The Power and the Glory" by  
Graham Greene, "The Devil's  
Advocate" by Morris L. West,  
and the third, "The Singer Not  
the Song" now under review as  
a film.The script is by Nigel  
Balchin, himself a psycholo-  
gist, and while he is not  
always happy in dealing with  
the very heart of Church  
practice, he does bring out the  
meaning of the Singer, in this  
case, the priest; and the Song,  
here meant to be the Catholic  
Church.The problem posed is, what  
do men really believe in, Man  
or Institutions? What is the  
greater, the Man or the Cause or  
Society?  
Graham Greene has no hesita-  
tion, indeed he places the words  
in the mouth of his priest, an ob-  
ject of derision in a God-  
less, Modern state. Here a  
priest, broken by fear and des-  
pair, hunted like a wild animal,  
breaks every rule in the book,  
save one. He cannot forsake his  
vocation.At the end, sneered at by his  
ardent atheist employer, he says,  
while waiting fearfully for death,  
"But I'm not a saint... I can  
put God into a man's mouth  
just the same... and I can give  
God's pardon. It wouldn't make  
any difference to that if every  
priest in the Church was like  
me."Now I have mentioned that at  
some length because it has al-  
ways been my opinion, that  
Audrey Lindop owed some in-  
spiration for her novel to Graham  
Greene.Dean Martin portrays an easy-going guitar-strumming candidate for governor, in  
"Ada" in which he co-stars with Susan Hayward. CinemaScope and Metrocolor.  
Hoover & Gala, (MGM)The setting is the same, but  
some years later when the bandit  
Anacleto, a child product of  
atheistic Communism has come  
of age.He rules the village, deny-  
ing and defying every moral  
code, and believing in his  
denial of God with a faith as  
pure as a zealot.He has frightened a timid little  
mouse of a priest out of the vil-  
lage. The new priest is an Irish-  
man, a warm, courageous man,  
with a faith in God as strong as  
Anacleto's in atheism.The author ends with hon-  
ours even between bandit and  
priest, for to outwit the  
bandit, the priest uses human  
factors to trap him and hand  
him over to the police.John Mills handles the role of  
Father Hugh, and, while not  
happy with his Irish brogue,  
adds strength to the role as he  
goes along. It is apparent that  
in the Church scenes, there has  
been some good coaching, so con-  
sequently, the film comes out  
strong and authentic.Dirk Bogarde also gains in  
strength as the film proceeds,  
as if he too understood only  
what was required of him as  
the film unfolded.The climax between priest  
and bandit is a fine scene which  
will stay with the viewer for  
many a day.  
Mylene Demongeot is the  
young girl of the affluent house-  
hold in the village. Some-  
what a different character study  
from that of the novel, she  
has the tantalising attitude of  
Locha of the story, and lends  
weight to a role which is  
difficult in that it supports both  
the priest and the bandit in  
turn.A character brought to life  
is the cameo of the drunken  
trigger-happy Old Uncle.  
Laurence Naismith is respon-  
sible for this, and very good  
he is.The location shots were made  
in Spain, and it is difficult to  
fault the camera anywhere.Exercising the palomino horse she rides for her role as  
Locha in "THE SINGER NOT THE SONG." MYLENE  
DEMONGEOT stops to talk with co-star JOHN MILLS.The crowd scenes are handled  
intelligently, and one really  
believes in a village which has  
given up God.It might be worth while  
calling your attention to how  
Roy Baker does this. His  
economy of action is most  
eloquent. As John Mills, the  
new priest enters the village,  
so the camera pans down the  
front of the houses, as the  
windows and doors close.The musical background is  
poor, especially when a guitar  
picks out the melody.It is a triumph for Roy  
Baker, both producer and  
director of the picture.

★ ★ ★

THE SECOND TIME  
AROUND (Roxy &  
Majestic). Seeing that De-  
bbie Reynolds has made a  
fine second film career after  
abandoning the birds and  
bees and donning smart  
gowns in place of jeans, I  
am somewhat bewildered to  
find her down on the farm  
again.For in "The Second Time  
Around" Debbie is supposed to  
be a going-away bride who seeks  
a new life for herself in the  
heart of the unimproved western  
states. Leaving her kids behind  
with granny, she hits a small  
town complete with biped wol-  
ves and a very nasty sheriff.Upon which, Debbie, after  
throwing about some sacks of  
corn while attired in an Ed-  
wardian gown and, apparently,  
Edwardian stays, gets a job. She  
cleans up the town, and is elect-  
ed sheriff, absent-mindedly ac-  
quiring a husband en route.This is all very well if only  
we knew in what frame of mind  
to watch the film. Is it a brave  
girl makes good? Or is it sup-  
posed to be a replica of an old  
fashioned Keystone Comedy?I just don't know. The sad  
bits would have had the old  
piano hanging out "Hearts and  
Flowers," in the days of silent  
films.The slapstick would have had  
your unsophisticated grandpas  
and grandpas doubling up in the  
aisles.But a mixture of both is con-  
fusing. Take for instance, the  
rough house scene. A chap is  
thrown against the wall, and a  
vase begins to titter and the  
movement is so perfectly syn-  
chronised that the vase falls and  
knocks him out just as he gets  
his head in position.  
Now I laughed my head off at  
that one when I used to grace  
the children's twopenny-rush on  
Saturday afternoons, complete  
with a bag of bulisives.Steve Forrest aids and abets  
Debbie in this picture. With  
Andy Griffith, lending a hand,  
Juliet Prowse is thrown away in  
her part, but I was delighted to  
see Thelma Ritter. It comes in  
CinemaScope and colour, yet I  
must confess that the first time  
around was plenty for me.

## NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & BROADWAY: "The  
Naked Edge." Psychological  
thriller set in London. Story  
has a tycoon's wife obsessed  
with the idea her husband is  
a killer. Gary Cooper, De-  
borah Kerr, and Eric Port-  
man.ROXY & MAJESTIC: "The  
Second Time Around." Wild  
West comedy in which Deb-  
bie Reynolds takes over the  
sheriff's job and cleans up  
the town. Also Steve For-  
rest, CinemaScope and East-  
man Colour.LEE & PRINCESS: "Fanny."  
Comedy drama, photograp-  
hed in Technicolor, inspired  
by Marcel Pagnol's famous  
trio "Fanny," "Marius" and  
"Cesar." Tale deals with a  
young girl's chequered ro-  
mance on Marseilles water-front. Leslie Caron, Maurice  
Chevalier, and Charles Boy-  
er.QUEEN'S - ROYAL - STATE:  
"The Singer Not the Song."  
Clash between good, as re-  
presented by a priest, and  
evil in the person of a Mexi-  
can village. Based on Au-  
drey Lindop's novel. Filmed  
in CinemaScope and East-  
man Colour. Dirk Bogarde,  
John Mills, and Mylene De-  
mongeot.HOOVER & GALA: "Ada."  
Romantic melodrama about  
a state governor's lady,  
formerly a prostitute, who  
outwits a ruthless political  
boss. CinemaScope and Me-  
trocolor. Susan Hayward,  
Dean Martin, and Wilfrid  
Hyde White.

COMING

KING'S & BROADWAY: "Alexander  
The Great." Spectacular presentation  
of the man who bestrode the  
world. Richard Burton,  
Fredric March, and Claire  
Blount. CinemaScope and  
Technicolor.ROXY & MAJESTIC: "Breath-  
less" ("A Bout de Souffle").  
This is a French film of the  
new school which portrays  
life as a hopeless gesture of  
futility. Seen through the  
eyes of a wide-boy and a con-  
scienceless young American  
girl. Outstanding in produc-  
tion, direction, and perform-  
ance, all "T" people note it  
down as a must, or regret it  
for ever afterwards. Jean-  
Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg,  
LEE & PRINCESS: "Girl of  
the Night." Lurid drama  
concerning a study of girlswith love for sale, based on  
the book by Mr Harold  
Greenwald "The Call Girl."  
Anne Francis, Lloyd Nolan,  
and Kay Medford.QUEEN'S - ROYAL - STATE:  
"One-Eyed Jacks," an ex-  
cellent western, built around  
two friends, a betrayal and  
a long savage feud, bank  
hold-ups, gun-fights, and a  
riot. Marlon Brando, Karl  
Malden, and Fina Feller.  
Vista Vision and Techni-  
color.HOOVER & GALA: "Two  
Women." English language  
version of the outstanding  
Italian film, "La Ciocciara,"  
which describes the events  
of war-time Italy as the  
Nazis collapse. Sophia  
Loren at her very best. A  
distinguished film directed  
by Vittorio De Sica.

## LEE-PRINCESS

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PRINCESS: 11.00 a.m. M-G-M COLOUR CARTOONS  
12.30 p.m. Robert Stock  
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WHAT WAS THE TRUTH ABOUT ADA?



To-morrow Special Matinee At Reduced Admission

Gala: 11.00 a.m. 20th Cent.-Fox COLOUR CARTOONS  
12.30 p.m. William Holden in "STALAG 17"  
Hoover: 11.00 a.m. Para. Films COLOUR CARTOONS  
12.30 p.m. Stewart Granger in "SCARAMOUCHE"

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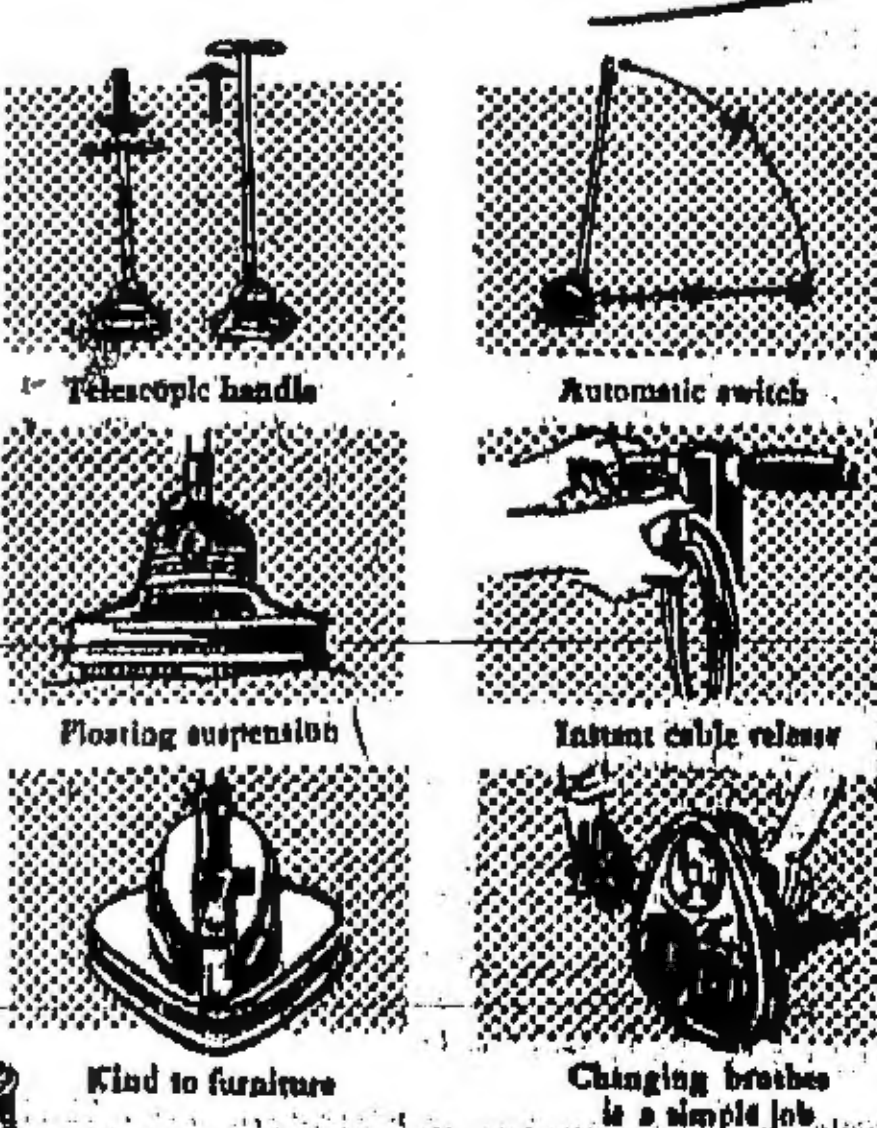
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# ITALY ASKS FOR 'STRONGER ATTITUDE' IN CONGO

Document causes 'scandal'

Paris, Nov. 17. A minor diplomatic scandal was caused here today when the Press Service of the Nato Parliamentary Conference, issued a document purporting to be the text of an agreement entered into between the Soviet Government and the Algerian insurgent movement.

This alleged agreement included a clause prohibiting the future Algerian Government from entering into any commercial agreement with France, Spain or West Germany.

The French Government today required unofficially from the Chairman of the Nato Parliamentary Conference, Mr. Nils Langhelle, how it came about that an official service of the conference could have been used to put out the text of an agreement which had never been announced by either of the two parties to it, and neither of which was a member of Nato.

## Disclaimer

The French Government was somewhat embarrassed by the so-called "document," because it tended to support the view urged by the European extremists in Algeria that it was impossible for France to reach an agreement with the FLN (Moslem insurgents) since they were already tied to Moscow by a preceding arrangement.

Under pressure, the press service of the Nato Parliamentary Conference later issued a disclaimer which did not explain why they had published this "document."—Reuter.

## Murder

New York, Nov. 17. London-born drifter Fred J. Thompson was convicted today of murder in the first degree and kidnapping for the rape slaying of four-year-old Faith Kienhuis.

Each conviction carries a mandatory death penalty.—AP.

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To-Morrow 12.30 p.m.  
"THE MONSTER" in Colour

## WORKERS END STRIKE AT LONDON AIRPORT

London, Nov. 17. More than 1,000 strikers at London Airport today voted to return to work pending negotiations on a new pay offer. The leaders, and about 800 other ground staff who struck in sympathy with them, are expected to return to work by Sunday.

The decision to end the 12-day strike, which has forced British European Airways to make drastic cuts in its flights from the airport, came at a mass meeting of the men this afternoon.—Reuter.

## ATLANTIC DRAMA

### Doctor sees hope for 11-year-old girl found on raft

Miami, Nov. 17. Terry Jo Duperrault, the 11-year-old girl rescued yesterday after she had drifted three-and-a-half days on a raft in the Atlantic, was in critical condition today but her doctor said: "I think she will live."

The condition of the girl, who was rescued from a raft, is said to be improving. She was found by a fishing boat and taken to a hospital. The doctor said she was suffering from exposure, loss of fluid, irregular heart action and that she was threatened by pneumonia.

## SINKING

Terry Jo had been lost with four others, including her parents and 14-year-old brother, when a chartered ketch, the Blue Belle, sank on Sunday some 59 miles off Nassau, the Bahamas.

On Monday, Captain Julian Harvey, skipper of the Blue Belle, was found in a raft, suffering from shock and exposure. With him was the body of Renee, Terry Jo's seven-year-old sister. Coast Guard planes are still searching for the other four occupants of the ketch, among whom was Mrs. Harvey, the Captain's wife.—Reuter.

### Police smash vice rings in Montreal

Montreal, Nov. 17. An extensive crackdown on Montreal vice had shown that in scores of cases women were kept in prostitution by "repeated beating, torture and ignominious treatment," police said today.

The investigations showed that prostitution in Montreal extended into large hotels, business districts and even private homes, they said.

There had been 88 arrests in connection with the crackdown on charges including pandering, living off the avails of prostitution, intimidation and assaults, with 39 convictions. Chief of Police Doreau, J. A. M. Robert told reporters.

A large number of girls, some as young as 14, had been forced into prostitution, the investigations showed.—Reuter.

### Fanfani describes murder of airmen as 'a sour lesson'

Rome, Nov. 17.

Premier Amintore Fanfani today urged that the United Nations reconsider its policies in the Congo and said Italy was justified in putting the topic on the U.N. agenda, following the massacre of 13 Italian airmen by Congolese.

The Italian Government leader spoke in the Chamber of Deputies after Communist members had marched out in anger, offended because a Fanfani Christian Democrat member placed the blame for the deaths on world Communism.

Speaking after the pandemonium had subsided, Fanfani said the deaths of the airmen have taught Italy a sour lesson. "We must be more demanding with respect to the headquarters of the U.N. forces in the Congo," he said.

## Force

He told the Lower House his Government had asked Leopoldville authorities, repeatedly, to safeguard the lives of the captured airmen. The usually placid Fanfani then raised his voice and said heatedly: "We have been told by them that no forcible intervention was made in order to safeguard the lives of our military men."

"Yet experience has demonstrated that the geographical and tribal structure of that country called for a stronger attitude, which would have prevented so easily risking the lives of those offering a helping hand."

## Seized

"The United Nations should reconsider its policies in the Congo. I think Italy has the right and the duty to place this problem on the U.N. agenda. The Congolese problem must be examined at length."

Fanfani indicated that Italy would go on flying Congo aerial supply missions. The 13 dead Italians had just completed such a mission and were dining at the airfield mess hall in Kivu Province when uncontrolled Congolese soldiers seized and killed them.—AP.

## Tito off to Cairo

Belgrade, Nov. 17.

President Tito left by air tonight for Cairo for a meeting with President Nasser and Indian Premier Nehru to discuss international problems.

The meeting of the three top non-aligned Chiefs of State will be held in Cairo this weekend upon an action initiated by President Nasser.

It is expected that they will discuss the impressions Premier Nehru obtained during his recent meeting with President Kennedy, and also the world situation, in view of these talks.—AP.

## Proposal studied

Paris, Nov. 17. President Charles de Gaulle is studying a proposal that five imprisoned Algerian rebel leaders who are in the 17th day of a hunger strike should be moved to a private clinic in France which would be under Moroccan control, a Moroccan Minister said tonight.

Ahmed Reda Guedira, Moroccan Minister of the Interior and of War, said such a solution would hasten a resumption of ceasefire talks between France and the Algerian Rebel Provisional Government based in Algiers.—AP.

### BBC accused of being 'American minded'

London, Nov. 17. A leading British songwriter has accused the British Broadcasting Corporation of being "American minded" in its choice of songs played on the air.

"Although British writers have been able to reach the top of the popularity charts, the broadcasting organisation has not yet woken up to the situation," Mr. Paddy Roberts, chairman of the Songwriters Guild of Great Britain, told a guild dinner.

Mr. Roberts said that in the first six months of 1959 the highest proportion of British tunes played on any one show was 32 per cent. The American content never fell below 60 per cent.

## "NUMBER ONE"

In the first six months of this year the highest British percentage was 44, and the American content never fell below 30 per cent.

"But for 13 of the last 14 weeks a British song has been number one in the 'melody maker' record charts," he said.

"Thus we have completely destroyed the old cliché so often used against us by broadcasting officials that the public prefer American songs."

"So please let us hear no more of the legend of American superiority."—China Mail Special.

### Russians admit jailing Jews

Moscow, Nov. 17. The Soviet Tass agency acknowledged today that a number of Russian Jews recently were sentenced to prison for alleged subversive activity against the USSR.

The agency asserted that this action had been seized upon by Washington "in search for a pretext for another campaign of slander against the Soviet Union."—AP.



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**THE GOLDEN PHOENIX**



# World pictorial



LEFT: The Queen stepping down from her plane, into the heat of Accra, to be met and escorted by President Nkrumah, natty in a cream suit. Her tour of Ghana is almost ended now.

BELOW: The new 43-letter alphabet, being used to teach young children to read and write at some selected schools in Britain, has been in use for eight weeks now. Teachers of "Augmented Roman" as it is called are enthusiastic about the experiment, and report that their five-year-old "guinea pigs" are doing well. Picture shows Miss Valerie Kemp trying the "nue alfabet" on her class of children at Roxeth School, Harrow, Middlesex.



LEFT: For the artist, present-day Berlin provides ample scope for the canvas or sketching pad. Here, "on the barricades," is Miss Jill Waters, 22-year-old artist daughter of Mr Frank Waters, the British Consul-General in the city. The grim scenery of parts of Berlin fascinate her—she has also sketched a number of scenes around Spandau prison.



RIGHT: Rosemarie Frankland, first English girl to win the Miss World beauty title since the contest started in 1951, dancing with Bob Hope at the mid-night ball at London's Cafe de Paris. Earlier, Hope had crowned Rosemarie as Miss World, from an entry of 37 international beauties.

LEFT: The death-roll in Hurricane Mattie which ravaged British Honduras is over 100. Many people are missing and 15,000 have lost their homes. Belize, capital of the British colony, is worst hit. Picture shows a crucifix standing unharmed amid chaos of battered buildings in the hospital grounds.



ABOVE: An Athens church provides sanctuary for some of the 5,000 left homeless by the recent ferocious storm which swept the city and suburbs for five hours. At first count, 39 people lost their lives, and more than 300 were injured.



ABOVE: Her name is Davies. She is a boarder at the Queen of the Apostles School at Kaduna, Nigeria, and, eight years old, making good progress with her lessons. Once she came to London and one of her names was in the headlines. On her was lavished the highest skills of Britain's medical profession. Her name is also Wariboko, and it was as "Baby Boko" that she came to Britain in December 1953, when she and her Siamese-twin sister were separated at Hammersmith Hospital. Her sister died a few hours after the operation. Boko's mother died five years ago. She was employed by the United Africa Company, which now pays Boko's school fees.



ABOVE: If you want to qualify as an architect in Denmark you have to put in a year of practical work. So Miss Birgit Zacho, aged 21, who is studying at the Royal Academy in Copenhagen and hoping to graduate as an architect, took a job as a bricklayer's mate. A tough job, but Birgit proved that she could wield a trowel as well as any man, and the master builder on the site said he was well satisfied with her work. After a hard day carrying and laying bricks, Miss Zacho continued her studies in the evening.



ABOVE: This is part of the devastation at Bel Air, the film star suburb, where two forest fires swept over 6,000 acres. An exhausted army of 2,500 firefighters got under control the fires which raged through the Hollywood hills for three days. But the Bel Air suburb, where many film stars had made their home, is largely a burnt-out ruin. Damage is estimated at over £6 million; nearly 300 costly homes have been destroyed, and though most of the houses are covered by insurance, many of the film stars had no insurance on their paintings, furs, jewels and other valuables.

BELOW: Swiss students carry torches in a silent protest march against nuclear testing in Berne, outside the Federal Palace. Thousands, from all corners of the city, joined in the students' march, which was "in defence of the rights of man, and against the atomic terror."



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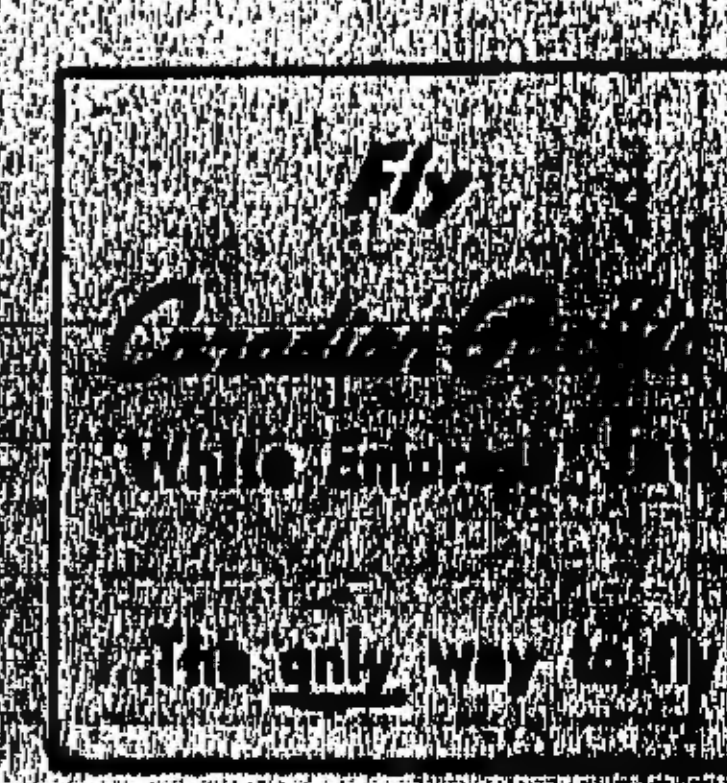
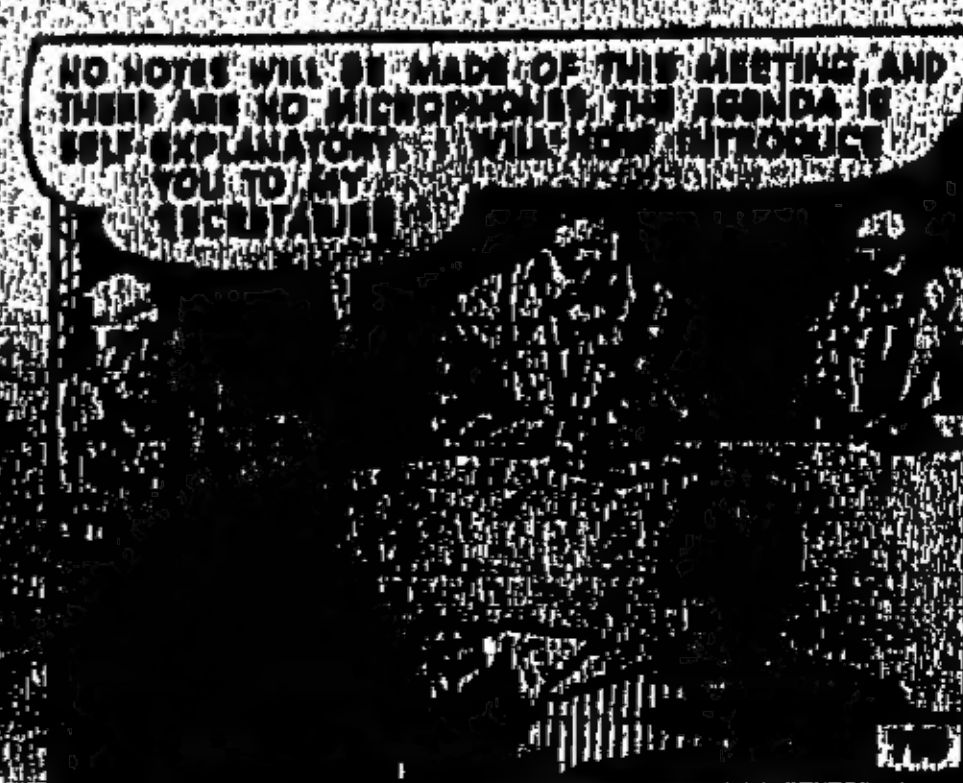
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James Bond

BY IAN FLEMING

DRAWING BY JOHN MCELROY













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## Part III: Lighting the way for Cheshire 20 times over the Ruhr with Sammy the spaniel

**TOMMY BLAIR** is an extrovert. At 48, he is still dark and rather dashing. He has the build and light movements of a boxer and a deep, quaking laugh. He boasts that he has no imagination and that that is why he survived nearly 100 operations with Bomber Command in such good order.

Squadron-Leader Blair DSO DFC and Bar, RAF (Retd.), has another quality which becomes apparent when he is telephoning his wife about the evening's arrangements, selling central heating boilers for his employers, or describing the technique of bombing one particular workshop in the Ruhr.

This is a thrusting efficiency and enthusiasm.

It was more than luck that got Blair through his three tours of bombing raids with no more than physical scars.

"The chap who ran six girl friends and drank a lot of beer when he wasn't flying often came through best," he says. "Whereas the quiet chap, who spent his evening writing letters home might crack before he'd flown a dozen sorties."

There were, of course, exceptions. He recalls a flight commander called Dugdale who neither smoked, nor drank and "was completely innocent of our disgraceful behaviour."

At four o'clock one morning a roistering friend of Blair's blundered in to Dugdale's bedroom "absolutely smothered in lipstick." Dugdale had opened

one eye and said: "Hello old fellow, been to a flicker?"

When on operations Blair himself never drank more than half a pint of light ale a day. When operations were cancelled there was often "a screaming run on the bar," but he remembers most gratefully an officer who played the piano restfully in the mess. Moonlight Becomes You was the favourite tune. A hearty acceptance of danger helped many in Bomber Command. "Pat Daniels was a squadron commander when he was only a kid and he had a quick way of breaking the ice with replacement crews."

### Chopping-axe

"Over his desk he had a chopping axe suspended from the ceiling. When a new crew arrived in his office and saluted him a bit nervously, he'd ask, 'Do you know what you're going to get here?' Then he'd point at the axe and say, 'You're going to get the chop!'" And they'd all roar with laughter.

Blair's three tours covered the three main phases of the bombing offensive against Germany: the early, almost experimental, night bombing; the area bombing of cities; the devastating and decisive precision attacks on individual targets.



TOMMY BLAIR: He survived nearly 100 operations with Bomber Command

by  
**TOM  
POCOCK**

### The losses

When he began his third tour Blair, now a much sought-after navigator, saw the final massive success of the offensive. But at first it was difficult.

During the great assault on Berlin he began to wonder whether the results were worth the losses. Night fighters were now deadly.

It was small, comforting incidents which helped at this time. One night over Berlin fighters

German night defences were weak then and he never had so much as a bullet hole in his bomber for the first 30 raids. But there were the searchlights and, at the time, these frightened him more than flak or fighters.

"When a searchlight caught us I didn't just think the German were saying, 'There's that bloody man Blair again!'" but "He hasn't changed his shirt since last night!"

Most of his second tour Blair spent over the Ruhr. In 1943 he explains "area bombing" was inevitable because there was then no means of effectively finding and marking a small target at night.

But the Ruhr was a wide target and if the "golden rain" markers Mosquitoes dropped on the aiming point were 300 yards out and the following bombs were another 300 yards out it did not particularly matter. "On the Ruhr," he says, "we did a fantastically good job."

They were picking off Lancasters silhouetted against the burning city or illuminated by flares from above. Four of them attacked Blair's bomber and as the Lancaster jinked violently to escape Warrant Officer "Tash" Goodwin had lifted the flap of his flying helmet and complained: "I'm a bit depressed." Not a witty remark but Blair was able to laugh and relax.

Then there was Sammy. Sam was "a sloppy cocker spaniel" and he flew 50 sorties with Blair. "He did Berlin four times, the Ruhr at least 20 and the day-light raid on Danzig. He used to curl up by the heater under the wireless operator's table and sleep most of the time."

"The only time he showed any interest was when we were near home and he heard the undercarriage lowered. Then he would go down to the bomb aimer's hatch to watch the landing." Sam had helped them all to relax and, like his master, survived the war "and got himself a job on a farm."

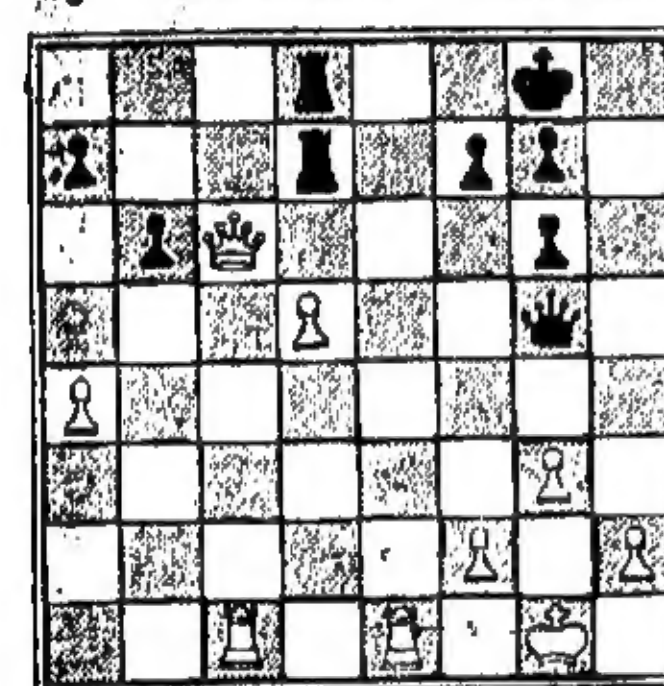
Now Bomber Command began to mark its targets with precise accuracy. Blair describes how his and other Lancasters would drop patterns of 750,000 candle-power flares over the target "while Master Cheshire and His Merry Men went down to 300ft to drop red spot fire markers on the aiming point."

It was desperately dangerous. But because of his claimed lack of imagination, Tommy Blair was not unduly affected by the casualty lists. "When people didn't come back I never had the feeling that they'd been killed. Just that they'd been posted somewhere else and that I would see them again some time."

**NEXT WEEK: The boy who hated heights**

### CHESS

by **LEONARD BARDEN**



Here is a position from actual play, won by Alekhine and suggested by reader D. V. Law (Birmingham). White to move: what result and how?

London Express Service

### • BY • THE • WAY •

by **Beachcomber**

IF the still Champagne of Bouzy had ever become better known, what music-hall jester would have flown about its name in an article about wine took me back to that hotel at Chateau-sous-Maine, with the magnificent name—the Haute-Mere-Dieu.

Nor far away is Hautvillers, where, at the end of the seventeenth century, Dom Perignon, the cellarer of the Benedictine Abbey, discovered how to give you bubbling Champagne. To keep the sparkle

which comes at the second fermentation, he substituted corks from cork-trees for the customary bits of hemp soaked in oil. These corks were found to be more airtight than the hemp.

**The Round Pond Monster**

THE strange object observed surfacing in the Round Pond this week is almost certainly the Round Pond Monster, an extinct creature which lived 30,000,000 years ago in the Gulf of Madagascar. It is known to those who know it as *Echinodermus aegaeus*. It has spatulate ears, a hide like a rhinoceros, 12 indignant toes on each of its 12 feet (unwebbed), and small bloodshot eyes set far apart. It is believed that it was once, some 750 million years ago, a land animal which degenerated, owing to climatic changes. This is borne out by its backbone, which is striated like that of the rhabdyl.

**Narkover maxims**

THE current "Narkover School Argus" contains some useful maxims for new boys.

IF your father is momentarily out of prison, don't boast about it or you will be sneered at as a prig.

ALWAYS distrust the boy or master who offers to mark your cards for you.

BEFORE you steal anything, find out from a senior boy if there is a market for it.

NEVER accept an I.O.U. if the loser has signed it with some other boy's name.

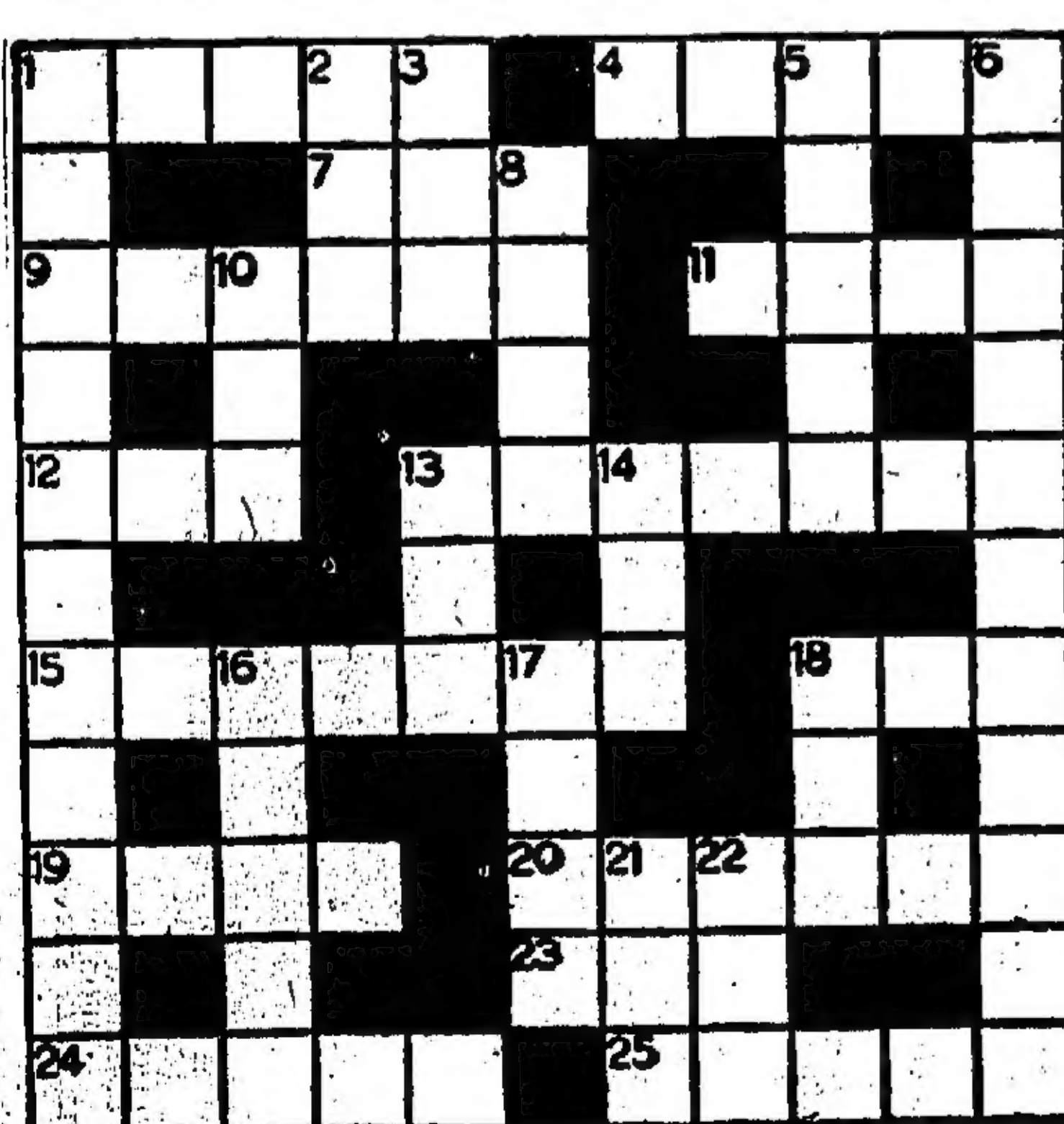
"Oh, Connie, isn't he a scream?"

I SEE that television announcers have been told that they should be more informal in their relations with viewers, and should not apologise pompously for breakdowns. "Serves you right for sitting there, goggling at this insufferable gadget." That establishes an atmosphere of informality. "I'd advise all but the silliest of you to go to bed, as the rest of the programme is the vilest of trash."

—(London Express Service).

**HERMES**  
Great elephants!  
This typewriter.  
very good buy.

### A British Crossword Puzzle



- |                        |                           |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>ACROSS</b>          | <b>DOWN</b>               |
| 1 Go quietly.          | 1 Clairvoyance.           |
| 4 It's seen in Rugby.  | 2 Cunning man.            |
| 7 Young blade?         | 3 Remain.                 |
| 9 Easy gallop.         | 5 Composition.            |
| 11 Burden.             | 6 They're the brains.     |
| 12 Not gross material! | 8 And proper?             |
| 13 Beeseech.           | 10 Negative.              |
| 15 Not a double!       | 13 Well, you're not!      |
| 16 Faint.              | 14 Pocket the ball.       |
| 19 Way of walking.     | 16 They're very hard.     |
| 20 Henry's stuff!      | 17 Every one.             |
| 22 Hasted.             | 18 It's not a dash, girl. |
| 24 Irritable.          | 21 Lubricate.             |
| 25 Clear to earth!     | 22 It may be Indian.      |

**YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD**—Across: 1 Shrew, 5 Strip, 9 Tac, 10 Igloo, 11 Raps, 12 Ant, 13 Arc, 14 Pen, 16 Shy, 18 Upsets, 21 Thee, 23 Hiss, 25 Tribes, 29 Fee, 31 O'er, 32 See, 34 Gap, 36 Inure, 37 Gleam, 38 End, 39 Roses, 40 Sides. Down: 1 Strail, 2 Hear, 3 Rescue, 4 Wips, 5 Slant, 6 Ton, 7 Nots, 8 Pony, 10 Earle, 17 His 10 Pat, 20 She, 22 Hue, 24 Issued, 25 Speeds, 27 Ropes, 28 Brims, 29 Four, 30 Eggs, 33 Urne, 35 Ale.

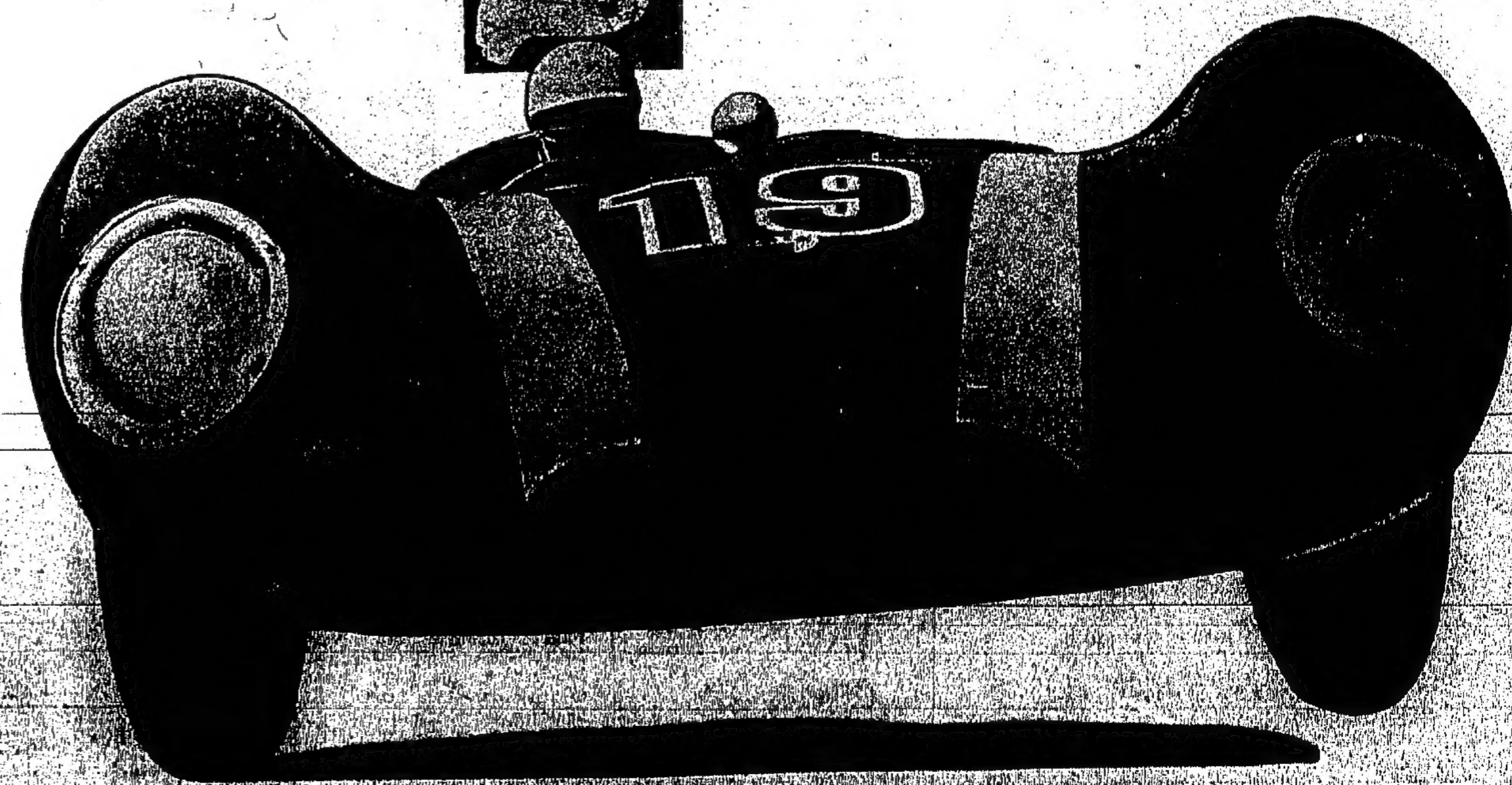
When  
unfailing  
accuracy  
matters  
most

Every second is precious to CHAN LYE CHOON, winner of the 1961 Johore Coronation Grand Prix... as precious as the precision, accuracy, and reliability of the Rolex watch he wears. And this famous Malaysian racing driver who won the 1958 Macao Grand Prix, third in the 1959 Macao Grand Prix, third in the 1960 Johore Coronation Grand Prix, knows the vital part accurate timing plays... the exceptional qualities of a wristwatch... its unfailing accuracy under continuous shock, jolting and vibration.



The Rolex Day-Date is without question the most superb men's wrist chronometer Rolex have ever created. 100% waterproof in its Oyster case, self-wound by the Perpetual rotor mechanism, it shows not only the date of the month but also the day of the week written in full. Available in 18 ct. gold only.

**ROLEX** Watchword of the World  
Be wary of Counterfeits—Buy only from Authorized Retailers.  
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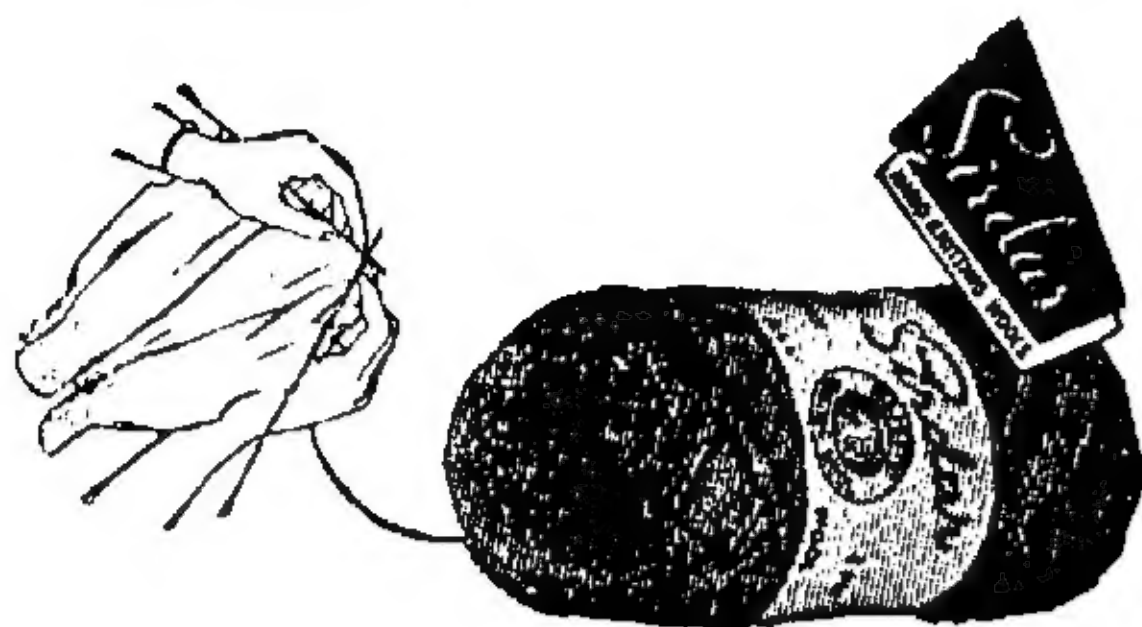


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Solarflek 4 ply wool	23.50 " "
Supreme wool	19.50 " "
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# ROME



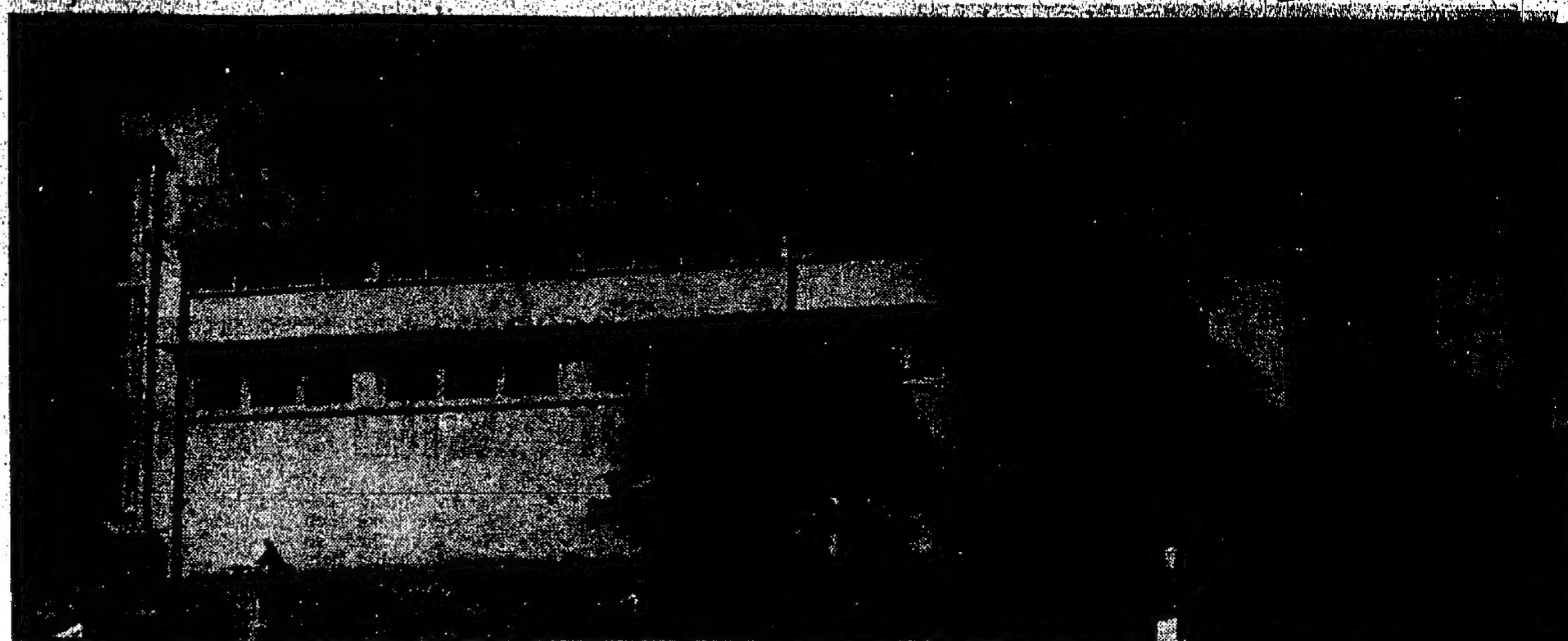
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## TITANS FROM THE NORTH



# Mr Ting, a man with the Midas touch

Mr Ting's factory at North Point. Above it, his penthouse.

HE could well afford ten Cadillacs but he insists upon the old Dodge. He could reside on the Peak but he lives in the penthouse on top of his factory in North Point.

Such is the multi-millionaire they call the Plastics Baron of Hongkong.

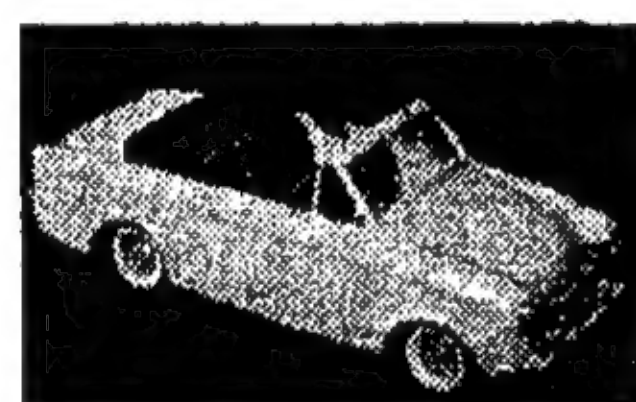
He is Mr Ting Hsiung-chao. Said the former Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham at a tea party after a tour of Kader Industrial Co Ltd in 1954: "The day Mr Ting decided to come here from Shanghai was a fortunate day for the people of Hongkong."

Today, 1,300 people are working in his modern plant. About 10,000 directly or indirectly owe their livelihood to "the Baron."

## Pace-setter

Kader is now a \$14 million affair, making many kinds of houseware and more than 300 kinds of toys with a world-wide market. In less than a decade, Kader has become an influence to reckon with. It is a pace-setter in the industry.

His life has been marked by a string of successes—seven, to be exact.



In fact he has something of a Midas touch.

Mr Ting looks younger than his 57 years.

He wore a disarming smile and with fond recollection, told of his years of sun-tan and Chinese classics on the outskirts of Wush, near Shanghai.

## Batteries

"At 15, I went to the metropolitan city of Shanghai to learn the trade of a merchant. My first venture in leatherware-manufacturing proved unprofitable so I turned my eyes to batteries.

"Like most white-collar workers, I was then dreaming of an ideal salary that would see me through my life and my children through their education."

Then came a turning point. "As the sales representative for the battery plant, I made my first fortune by obtaining stock on credit and selling it on commission.

Today in the second of his 10-part series DAVID LAN interviews Hongkong's plastics baron. Illustrating the story are some of his products.

## Plunged

"It's such a dirty industry—soot and paste, black and sticky. Nobody ever liked it. Neither did I. But then the market was just too big and lovely to pass up! So I plunged in.

"Against some 30 competitors, I decided in secret quality will win its way, a policy I have since adopted in all industries. "With what knowledge I could muster from books and experts, I turned myself into an amateur chemist to work out a formula.

"The next thing I knew, I found myself in my laboratory where the walls were lined with experimental cells from floor to ceiling.

"I made bad cells as well as good ones just to find out how acid of various intensity etched its way through the metal casing, reducing the life span of a cell."

Before long, his products were selling like hot cakes across the country and were particularly sought after by the military authorities because of their capacity for long storage.

Encouraged by success, he went into the production of torchlight cases.

## Decrease

The popularity of both products was later responsible for the sharp decrease in imported torches and batteries in China.

Expansion went on in geometric progression for all his industries including small bulbs and carbon rod industries he set up in 1934.

"I lay dormant during the Sino-Japanese hostilities and once I heard a Japanese military officer just out of sheer patriotism. His eyes sparkled with humour.

"He came along with an official permit for touring my plant. I pointed out that the note referred to 'the battery factory' but did not mention specially the name of my factory."

## Bullet

"I turned him down." He shrugged. "But that was tantamount to asking for a bullet through my head. Nevertheless, the Japanese respected people who dared to stick out their necks. He beat his retreat politely."

After V-J Day, Mr Ting saw the possibilities of plastics which could greatly help his

After a month studying physics, chemistry, pipes and liquids, from 7 am till late in the evening, Mr Ting pushed up the productivity to 3,000 ice blocks a month—and with a reduced number of workers at that.

His next venture? "Transistor radios. It's a joint enterprise with a Japanese electrical appliance firm. I see an annual business of tens of millions in it!"

## Success No. 7

The transistor radio plant swung into operation in November, 1960, and became Mr Ting's success No. 7.

The plastics baron is a common man with uncommon qualities. These are his secret weapons of success. Put him under a microscope and you will see:

First, his tremendous concentration. He works, lives and literally sleeps on top of his factory!

His untiring attention to details obtained through direct talks with staff and workers gives him a thorough grasp of the situation.

His circumspect and constant vigilance enables him to see what others miss.

## Boxing

Said his secretary, Mr Freddy Young, an associate of 25 years standing, "Even at a chess or mahjong game, Mr Ting would carefully consider every move and deployment of every piece in the same way as he would approach an industry!"

His second secret weapon is industriousness. Here at Kader, he still works 12 hours daily always starting the day with half an hour of shadow-boxing which keeps him in form.

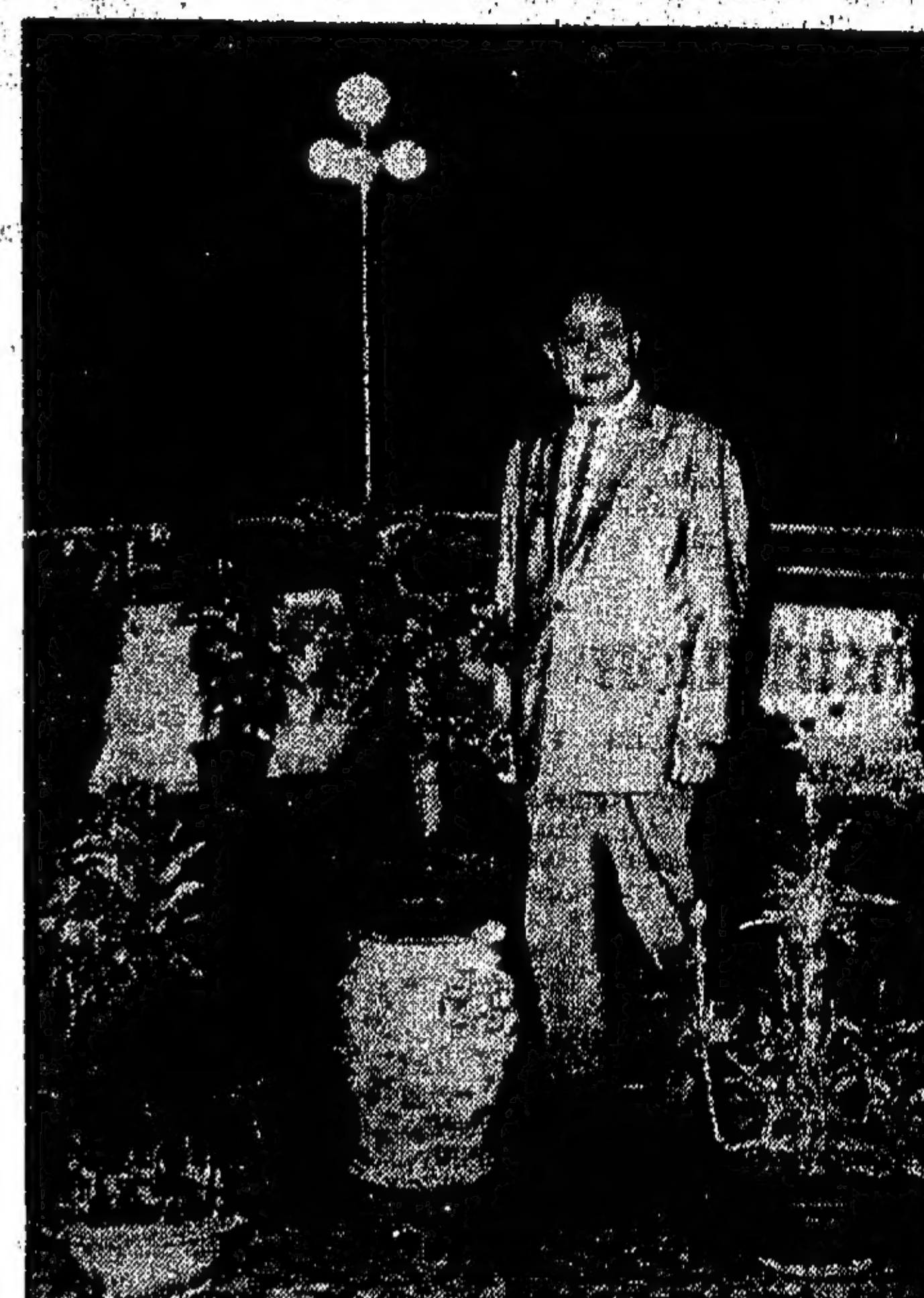
His third secret weapon? The most devastating "pace-setting policy."

It is the source of his quality consciousness.

## Quality

So far Kader is said to have received no claims and no rejections. Any item you pick out at the factory may serve as a sample and by the time the shipment arrives, goods may have been further improved.

"Goods better than samples" is another slogan of the factory.



The plastics baron—from salesman to magnate.

Mr Ting's quality consciousness is contagious—even workers have grown quality-minded. They would never pass up a doubtful item but throw it back for remoulding.

The result of this strategem is that Mr Ting's products, be it batteries, bulbs, carbon rods or plastics, always sell more and at higher prices—sometimes twice as high as those of his competitors!

Yet another secret weapon is his sense of fair play—Mr Ting always pays his workers and staff better than average, looks after their welfare, and lets them have shares in the factory.

Workers are made to feel as if they are working for themselves and as a result, give of their best.

Not only is there no waste but the whole factory seems to be one family. Last year, Kader distributed a quarter of a million dollars in bonuses among employees.

## Weakness

Such is the esprit de corps at the factory that there is no workers' union.

It is also due to this sense of fairplay that Mr Ting is liberal with his loans to needy friends. He has lent hundreds of dollars knowing full well that they would never come back.

If there is any weakness, Mr Ting likes to eat crab meat.

"He is probably the biggest crab eater in the Far East, even in the world," said a friend.

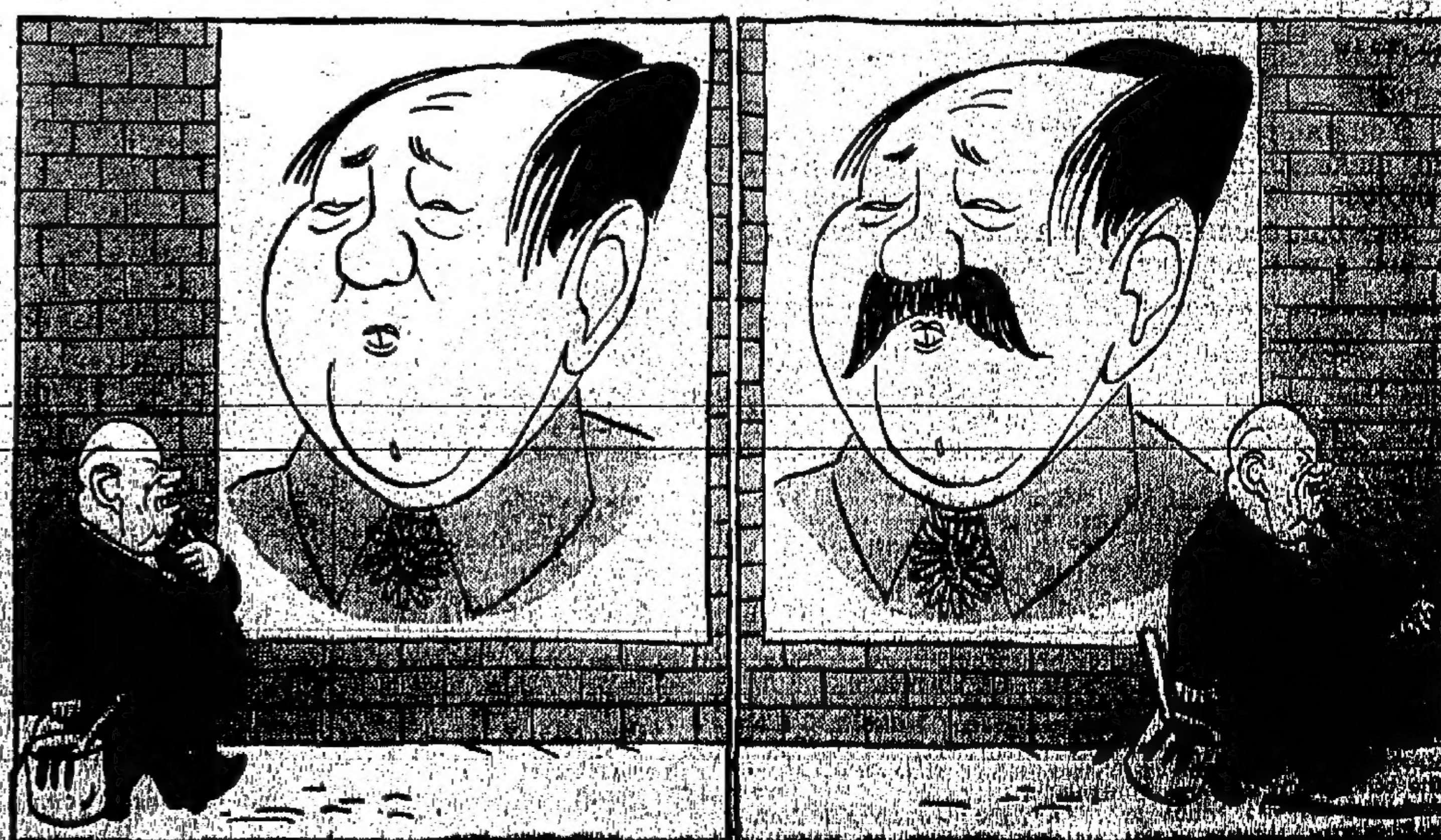
In season, he invites parties of more than 20 people to his crab feasts which he holds about 20 times a year.

He was Chairman of the former Foreign Exchange Control Office in Shanghai. Now he is sitting on the committee of the Federation of Hongkong Industries.

Mr Ting is a great believer in the philosophy of "mutual consideration."

He treats his employees well and in return they respect him and give of their best. The resulting products bring satisfaction to the customers who in turn reward him with success and riches.

No wonder Freddy Young said of Mr Ting: "He is such a man that if Kader were bombed out today, he would build up another plant tomorrow bigger and better than before in the very same site and like the phoenix rising out of the ashes, the new factory under him would thrive again as yet another big money-spinner!"






# BRAINS-TRUST CAMPBELL

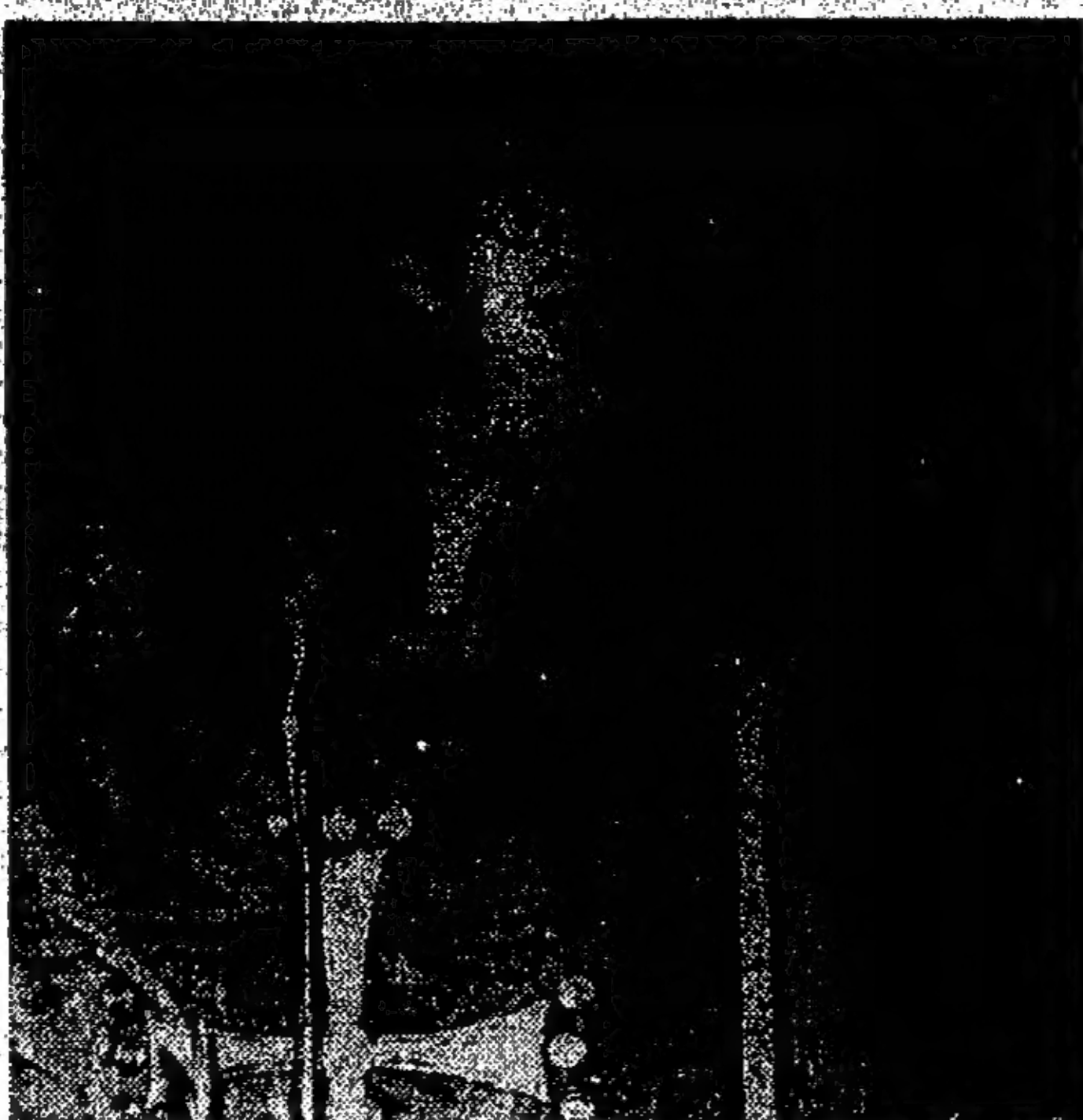
Featuring  
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As I left her, sitting by a blazing log fire, Gamble's parting words were: "Please don't make my grandmother an ogre — she was not."  
—(London Express Service).



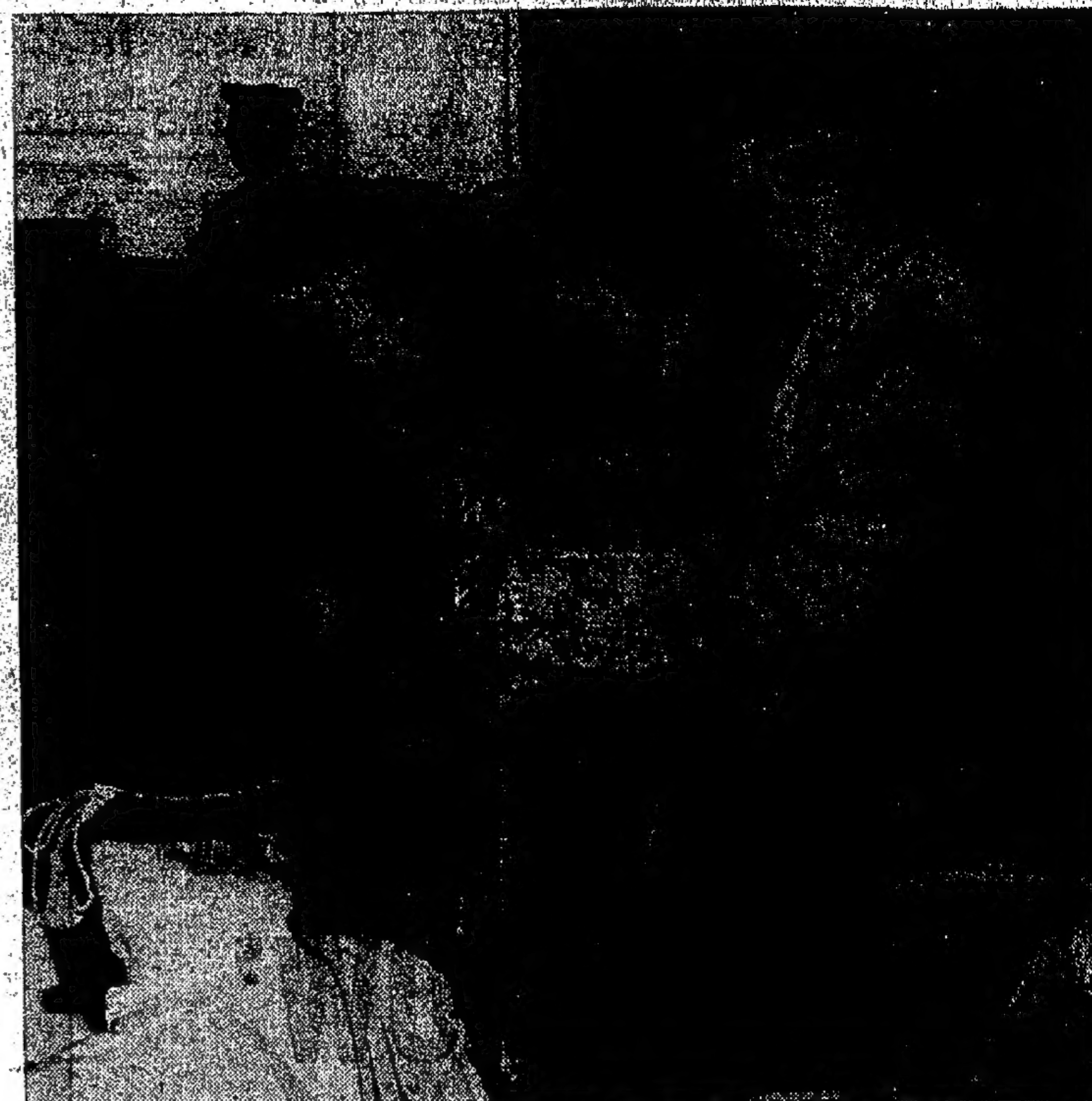
**POSITIVELY FI**



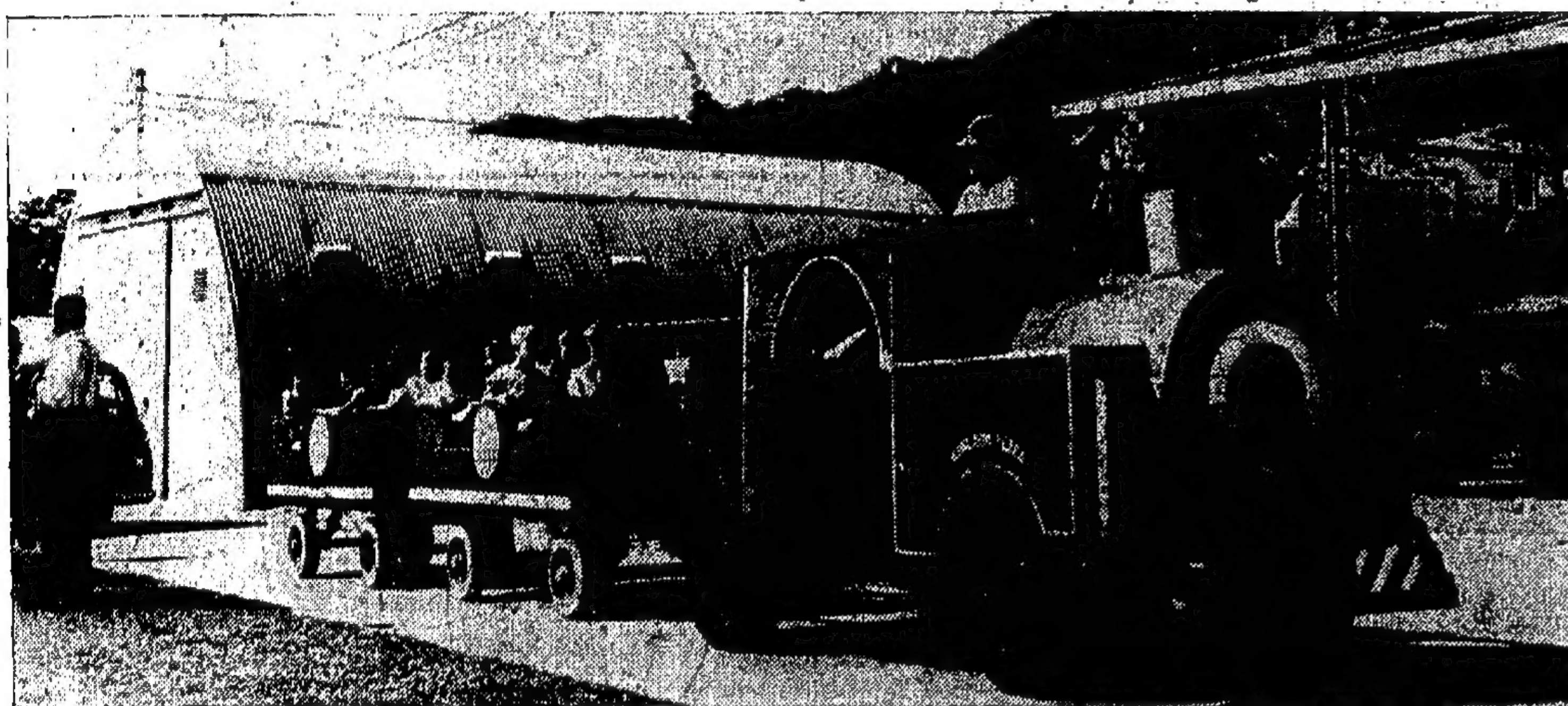


ABOVE: Dr C. T. Yung addressing the gathering at the anniversary ceremony of Chung Chi College.

LEFT: The Rt Rev R. O. Hall, Anglican Bishop of Hongkong, seen laying the foundation stone of the Kei Oi Church, Li Cheng Uk.



RIGHT: Sir Robert Black capping a graduate, Miss Alicia Maria Prata, at the 58th Congregation of the University of Hongkong.



ABOVE: All aboard for the "Kowloon Flyer". One of the top attractions at the Children's Fair held at Hilsa Camp, Waterloo-road, recently.

LEFT: Mr William E. Babcock cutting the ribbon to open the Isbrandtsen Mobile trade fair at the Kowloon Wharf. Also pictured is Mr H. D. Gazdor.



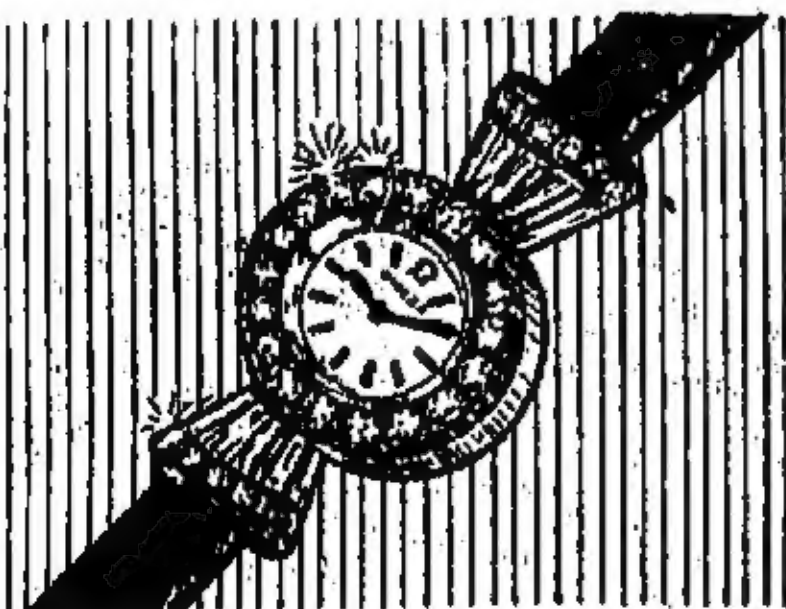
BELOW: Seen at the dedication ceremony of the new building of the Old People's Home at Shatin, the New Territories (left-right)—Mr Frank Carter, Mrs Gladys Donnithorne and the Rev David Morken.



ABOVE: All the fun of the fair was there at the annual garden fete of the Diocesan Boys' School, Mongkok.

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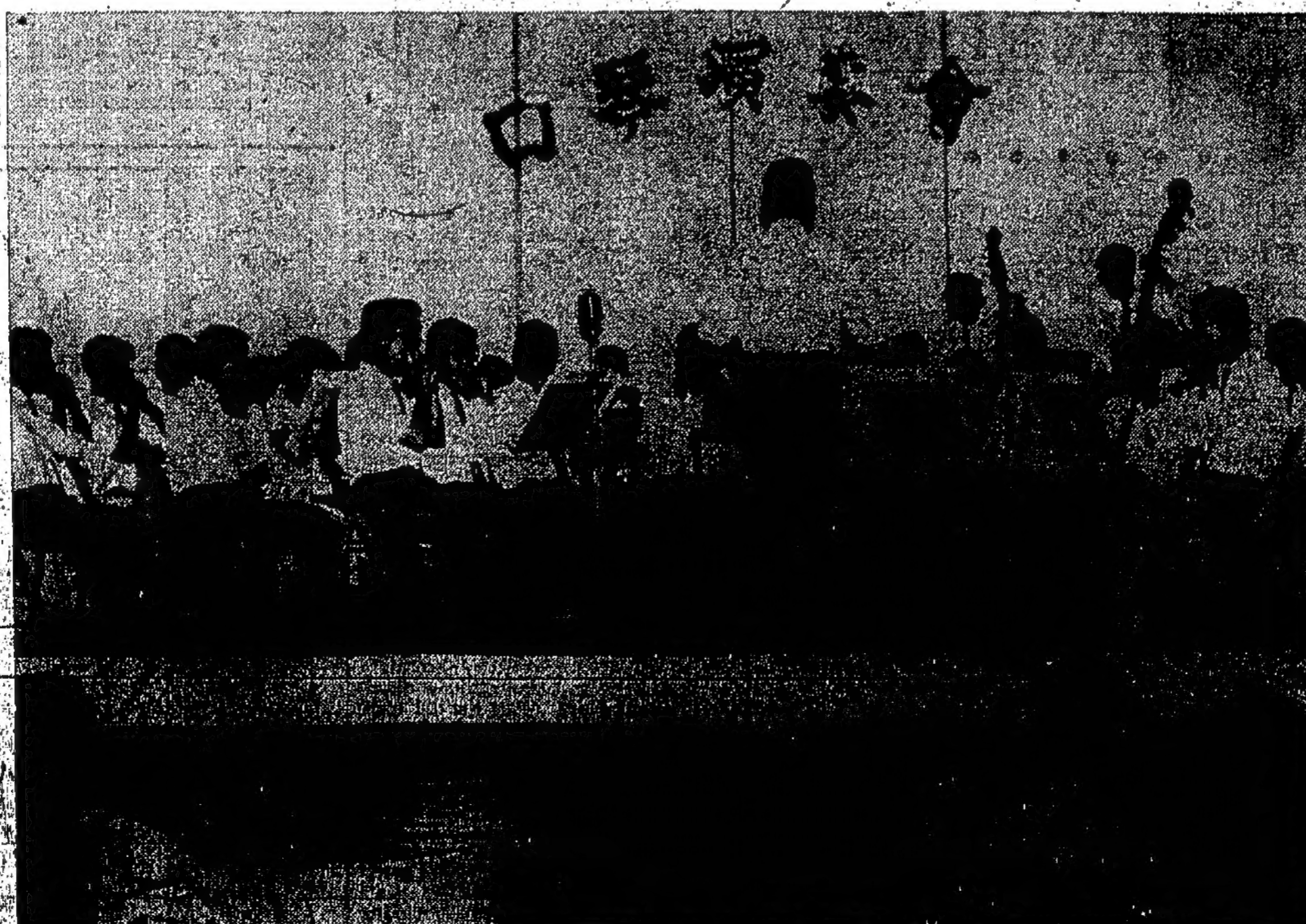
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ABOVE: Scene at the harmonica concert presented at the European YMCA.

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ABOVE: Dressed in black, the Princess descends the steps of the Chinese Memorial where she laid a wreath on Remembrance Day. With her is the Governor, Sir Robert Black.



ABOVE: Regal in a magnificent evening dress a glittering tiara and necklace, Princess Alexandra addressing the gathering at the banquet in her honour given by the Chinese community of Hongkong.

BELOW LEFT: Chatting informally with women students of the University, the Princess showed her keen interest in the youth of the Colony.

BELOW: Admiring a print at the photographic exhibition hall of the new Students Union of the University of Hongkong which the Princess opened earlier.



ABOVE: Farewell, Hongkong. Camera men crowding around the Princess for a last picture, reported a glint of tears in her eyes as she looked around for the last time before quickly boarding the aircraft for Tokyo.



ABOVE: With her Lady-in-Waiting, Princess Alexandra rides through the crowded streets of Kowloon with a cheerful smile and a wave of a gloved hand. Crowds broke through police cordons for a glimpse of her.

BELOW: Mr Francis K. Pan addressing the gathering at the Lions' Governors' Night held at the Miramar Hotel.



BELOW: Philippine Airlines flight attendants, training in the Colony for the airline's Boeing 707 jet services due to start next month, were feted at a luncheon by Miss Jean Cobarrubias (third from left).



ABOVE: Mr A. Inglis (left) presenting a souvenir to Mr W. A. Johnson, who is retiring from the Public Works Department.



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ABOVE: Pictured at the Qantas reception marking the airline's inaugural jet flight the other day at the Airport terrace were (l-r) Mr K. Sillen, Mr and Mrs G. R. B. Patterson, Mrs Sillen and Mr Henry Cheng.

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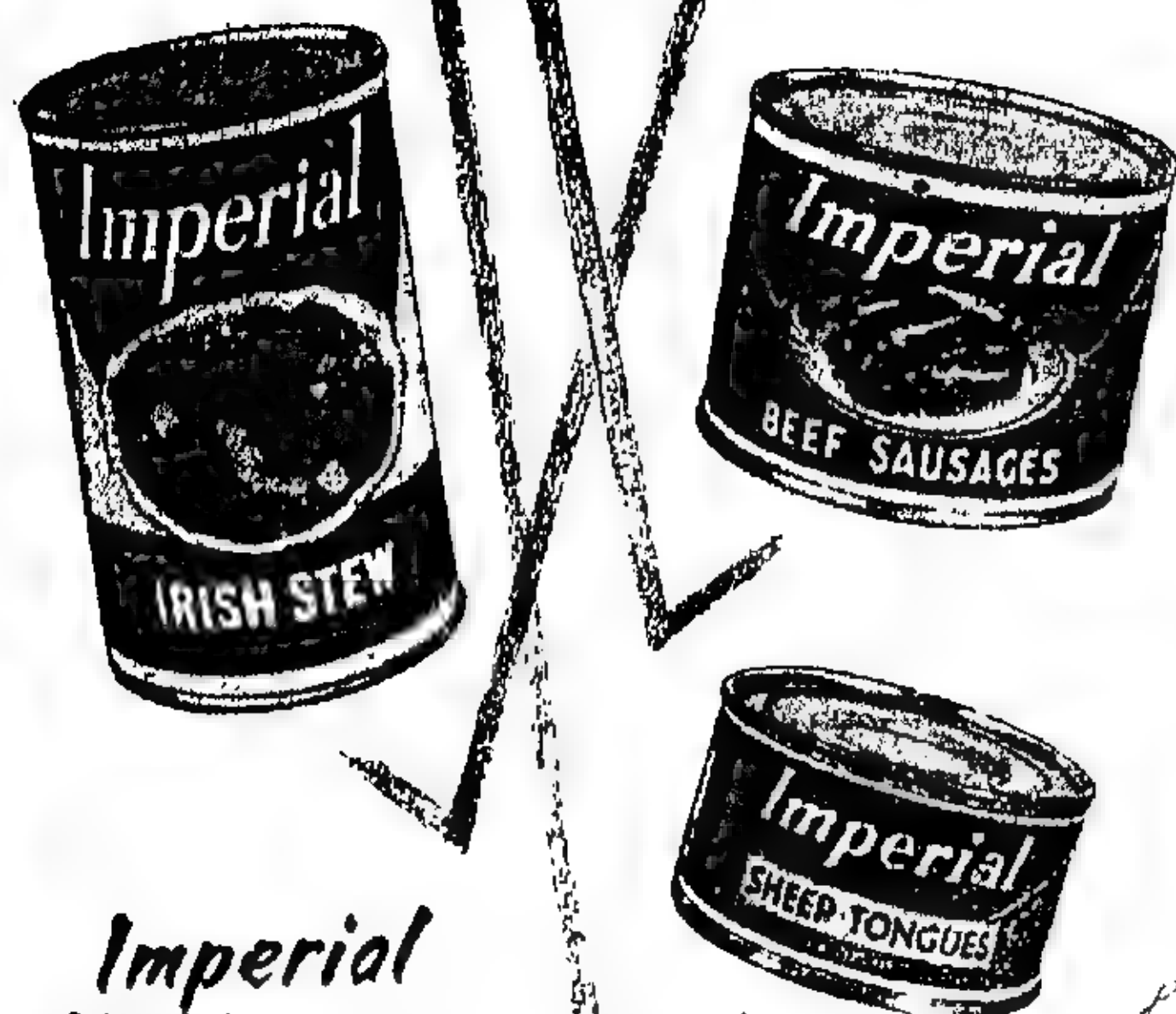
Music by: Ponching Garcia and The Dynamic  
Dancers. Vocals by: Bobbie Lee

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# Imperial

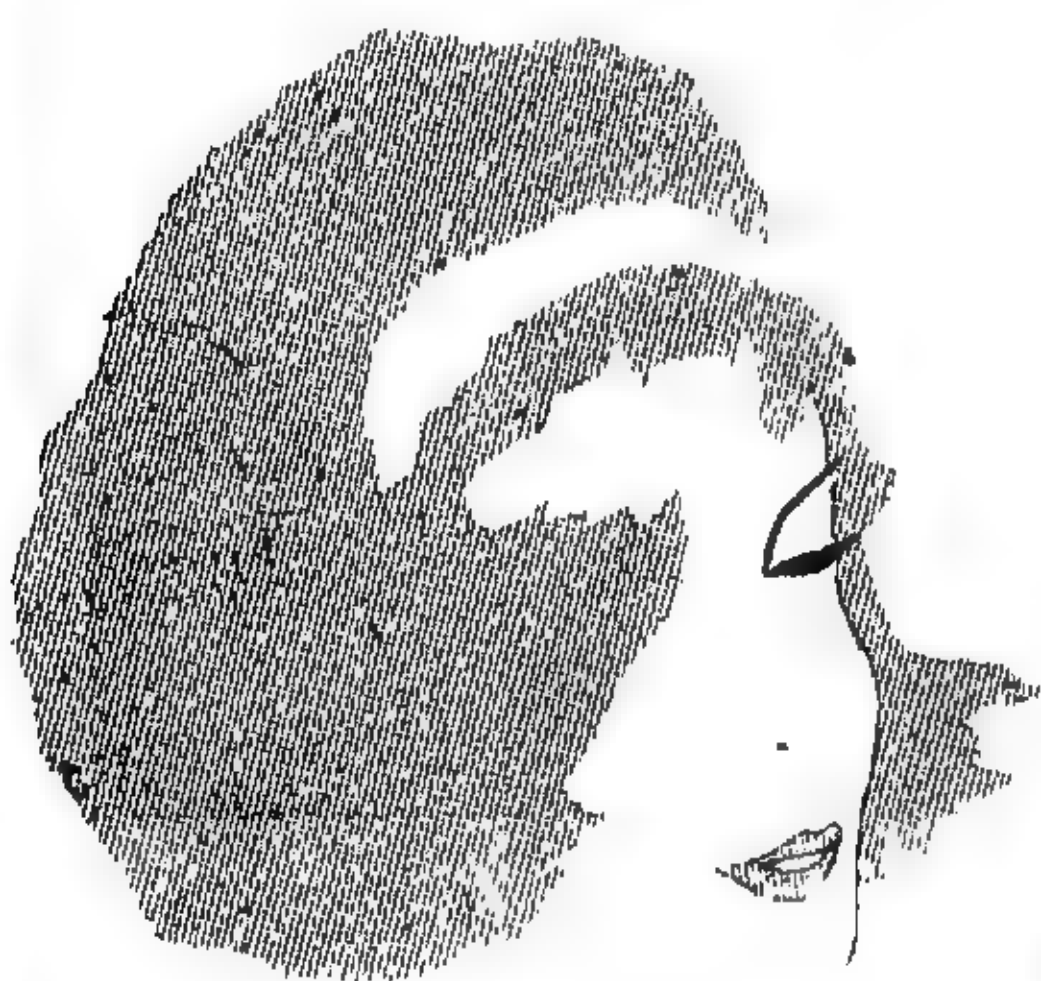
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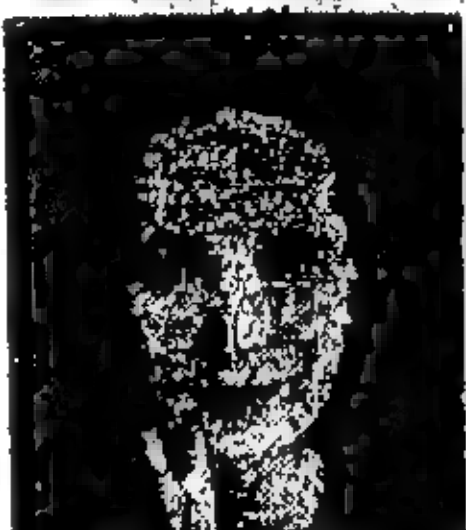
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## JILL BUTTERFIELD'S

FASHION PAGE

### THE BIG WRAP-UP FOR WINTER

THIS is the year of the big wrap-up. At last fashion has got to grips with the English winter. Nineteen hundred and sixty-one years overdue, it's possible to love clothes in a cold climate.

The great thaw started in July when Marc Bohan showed his first winter collection for the House of Dior. He buttoned up his overcoats, swathed them with hoods and scarves, warmed them with fur linings, and shut out the shivers with hats as bunny-hugging as balacavas.

His were the only model girls ever to tread the thick pile carpets of a Paris salon in sturdy snow boots.

The fact that Bohan spent three winters shivering in England before he landed his plum Paris job must have had something to do with it.

#### Style

British manufacturers, clever enough to realise that his new cold-weather clothes would sell like hot chestnuts from a barrow, snapped up the whole barometer-beating lot to copy.

The great thaw continued with a revolutionary new attitude to fur.

The lead, as usual came from Paris, where designers realised that fur didn't have to be mink to be marvellous. And that the biggest, quickest spenders—the fashion-conscious

young girls — put style before status.

The poor relations of the skin trade—sleek otter, polished penyskin, and curly lamb—proved particularly pliable for making up into the shapes of the season. Prices fell accordingly.

First to follow over here are the Peter Robinson group, who have revitalised the skin game by opening up young, with-it fur departments in their stores throughout the country.

#### Look out

The group's fashion coordinator, French-born Francoise Garrigues, told me: "The price of natural fur has come down so much that we felt, for the first time, that we could bring it to everybody. We aim to sell fur today for the same price as stylishly cut top-coats."

If you want to be fashionable without freezing this winter

**LOOK FOR** hood hats, built-in balacavas, helmets as tight as old-time aviators.

**LOOK FOR** scarves thick, bulky, and vivid as a college muffler, collars rising to hug your ears, sweater necks creeping polo-high.

**LOOK FOR** coats with their own built-in linings—quilted, woollen, or fur.

As the Christmas count-down begins . . .

Already, with 46 shopping days to Christmas, Santa has come to town and my desk is hidden beneath well-meaning suggestions of what "she" would like to receive from "him."

Already I can anticipate the disillusion when poor old "she" opens a cunningly done-up parcel containing gifts like these:

● A "life-size Sausage on a Roll or Hamburger on a Bun made in soap." Shoppers note: 5s. 10d. each.

● A "Modern Mood Wig is the answer when there is simply no time for a hair-do before an important date. The

wig can be made to fit any head as though it belonged." Shoppers note: It costs 50 gns.

● A calculator for the "over-worked, under-paid, worried, tired, and depressed. It's specially designed to soothe away twentieth-century nerves." Apparently you grip the device between finger and thumb, rub gently, keep on "rubbing, and your cares vanish like magic."

Shoppers note: price 38s. 6d.

● A pair of flame-proof suede slacks. In four colours. Shoppers note: price 21 gns.

It's a sadder girl than I who'd greet this little lot with a smile and the "It's the thought that counts" philosophy.

—(London Express Service).



WRAP UP — in a full length coat of creamy curly lamb with brilliant tartan lining and huge covered buttons. By Peter Robinson. Men's overcoat by Hepworths. Jaeger mufflers.



WRAP UP — in a hooded suit with a fur collar and a hat. By Cojans. PICTURES BY JOHN VERNON

## LADY LUCK

YOUR CHINA MAIL HOROSCOPE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18

**AQUARIUS** (January 21-February 19): The chances are that your plans for a move may materialise sooner than you expected.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): An unexpected visit by a distant relative will prove most enjoyable in spite of your misgivings.

**ARIES** (March 21-April 19): Don't pay any attention to empty talk; some people are irresponsible and rather enjoy making trouble.

**TAURUS** (April 20-May 20): A strained relationship with a friend which has worried you a great deal of late will gradually improve.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): You owe a letter of thanks for a great favour done and should not neglect writing it.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 21): Try not to be quite so much alone; other people's company will cheer you up and divert your thoughts into happier channels.

**LEO** (July 22-August 21): You may be late for an appointment, for reasons beyond your control, but you should nevertheless express proper regret.

**VIRGO** (August 22-September 22): Make sure that your extreme politeness towards everybody is not misconstrued as weakness on your part.

**LIBRA** (September 23-October 22): You may have some difficulty explaining your frequent mysterious absences from home; you had better tell them of the budding romance.

**SCORPIO** (October 23-November 21): Don't stay too long at tonight's party as you will need a very clear head at tomorrow's conference.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22-December 21): A blind date arranged by a friend will turn out very well indeed and you will want to meet the person again very soon.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22-January 20): You are attributing too many unconnected events to some mystic influence and ought to be more realistic.

**YOUR BIRTHDAY**: If this is your birthday you are entering a year of great promise, providing you have the courage of your convictions.





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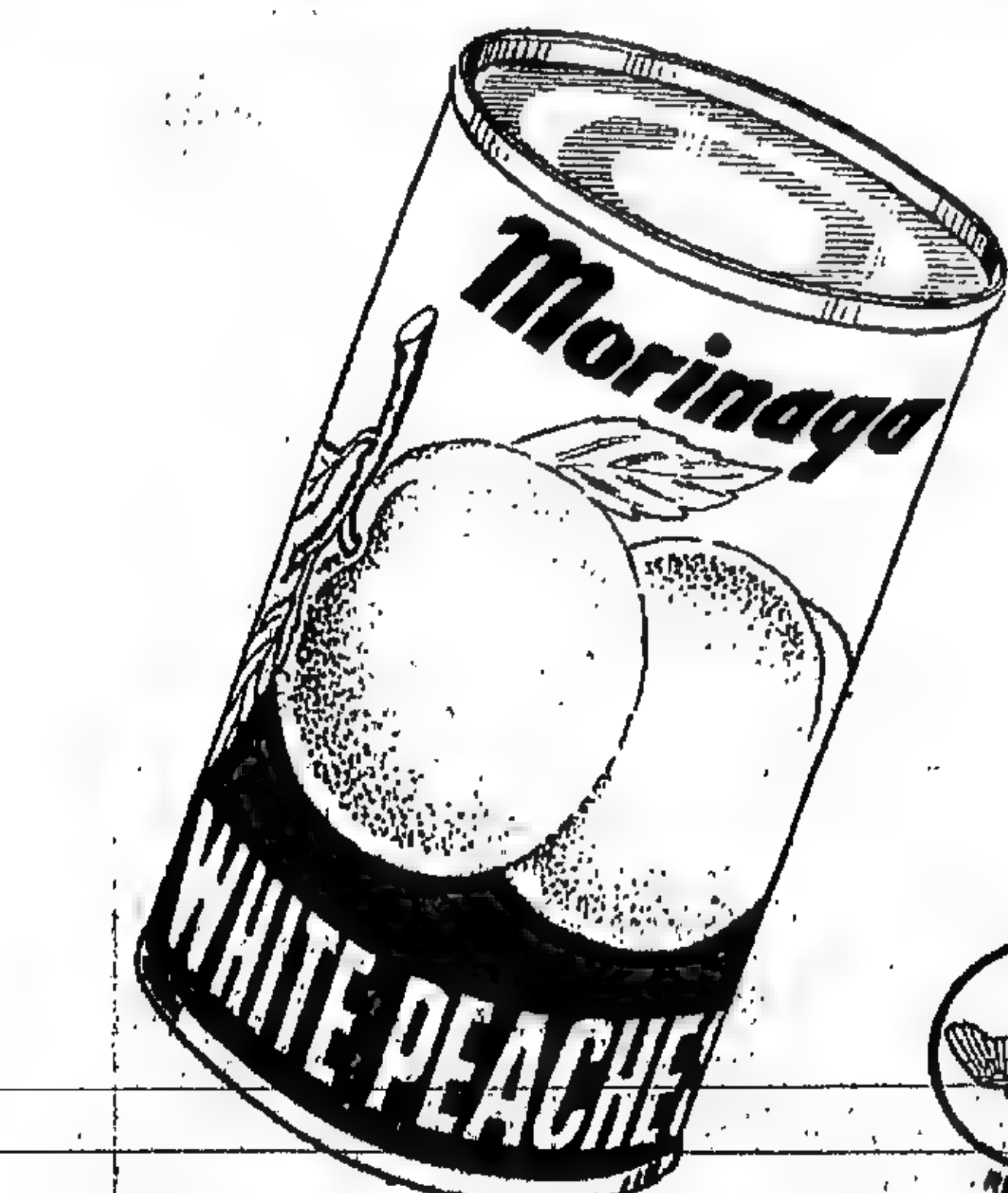
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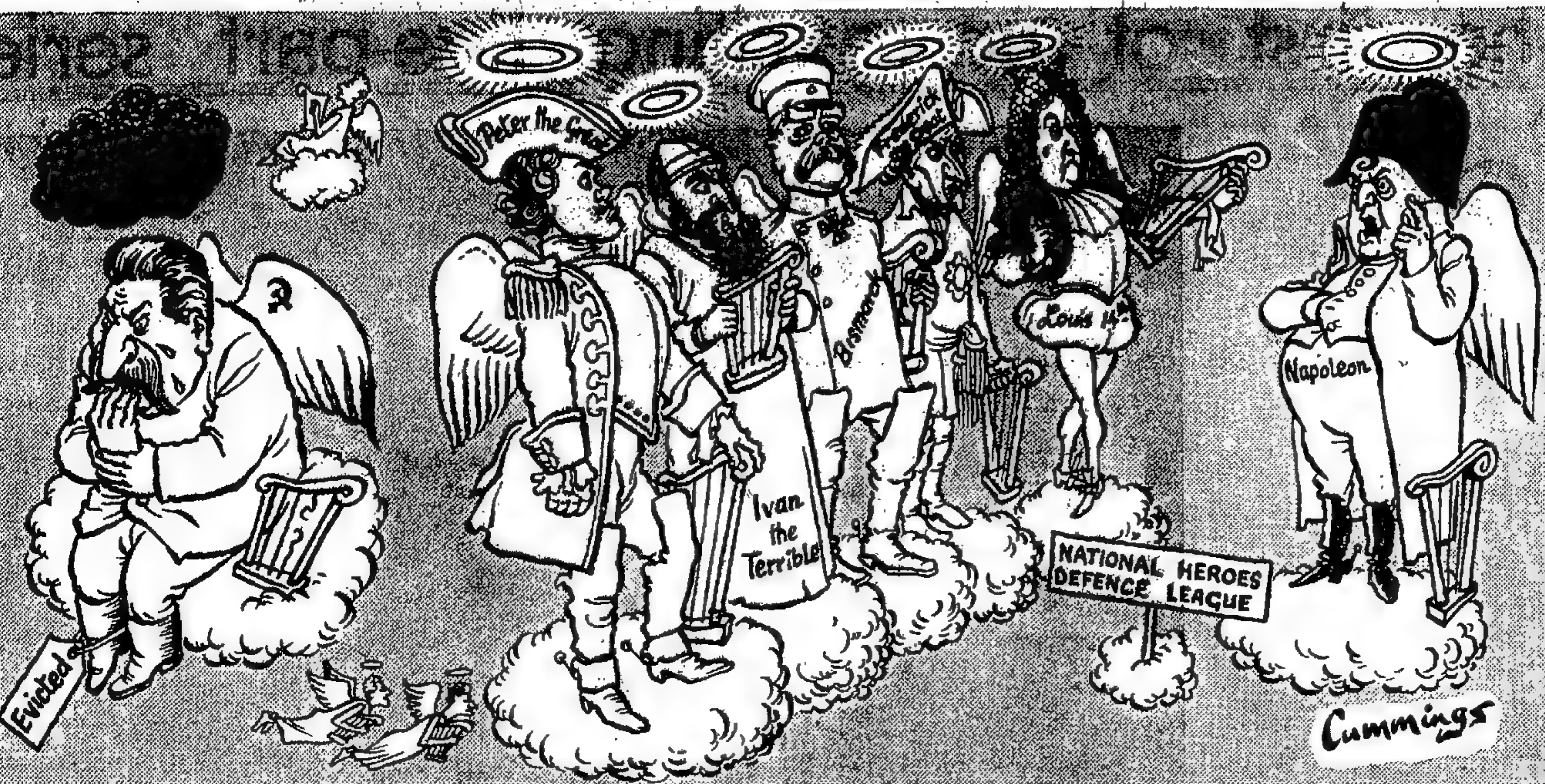


If you'd like a trial packet of Tampax (in plain wrapper) send your name and address and 20 cents in loose stamps to Nurse Jackson, P. O. Box 70, Hong Kong. P. 144



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WHICH REALLY TASTE  
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London Express Service.

**ANGUS MCGILL'S**  
**MAINLY FOR MEN**  
goes golfing

**If you want to become a success — then learn to lose!**

If you are a keen golfer you may be alarmed to learn the perils you are facing.

It seems that golf increases the blood pressure, spoils the digestion, induces neurasthenia, hurts the eyes, callouses the hands, debauches the morals, break up the family and does fearful things to the ductless glands. The pneumogastric nerves don't like it much either.

Dr A. S. Lamb of McGill University, says so and anyone on the faculty of a university with so distinguished a name is to be trusted completely.

#### FLOURISHING

Furthermore, golf ruins more Sunday dinner's every week than the Army Catering Corps. Anyone who loves a sweetly rising Yorkshire pudding must hate golf.

But these are times for living dangerously and golf flourishes as never before. It is thought to be Britain's fastest growing game and all over the country golf clubs have waiting lists to prove it.

There are several reasons for this. One is that it is such a marvellous game. Insatiable, time absorbing, conversation killing (golf addicts are even worse than cricket addicts) but marvellous all the same.

Another is that it is a god-send, to sedentary types looking for a painless way of getting some exercise. Golf isn't very strenuous, whatever golfers may say. But it does involve a lot of walking, with frequent pauses, in the open air.

And finally it is the finest way yet devised for making and keeping business contacts. A good game has become an essential qualification for a young man with his way to make.

Just think of the opportunities a golf club offers for making friends and winning contracts. The most fifty-hearted managing director will be impressed by a man who admires his swing, consults him on curing his slice, finds his golf stories amusing and has golfing reminiscences fascinating.

#### HELP HIM

You can help him look for lost balls, give him longish putts, and by the time you have lost to him, narrowly at the last hole, the contract will be yours.

If you are fool enough to WIN after all this you are beyond help.

There are 230 golf courses within 50 miles of London which you may think is plenty until you see the crush on a fine Sunday morning. Eighteen of these courses are public and these are sometimes seriously overcrowded. The keenest players roll up at 7.0 am to make sure of a good game. They call it beating the rabbit. Obviously more public courses are needed.

Membership of one of the private clubs usually costs about 20 guineas. Some clubs, like Swinley Forest, still bar women and membership is only by invitation of the committee. But clubs aren't usually so determined to be exclusive.

It is smart to be a member of Buntingford, or Addington, or George's Hill, Royal Wimbledon

There are 230 golf courses within 50 miles of London which you may think is plenty until you see the crushing on Sundays.



and Royal Mid-Surrey. The Prime Minister plays at Sandridge Park. He isn't very good.

The minimum equipment, the least you can decently get away with, is a short set—a driver, a spoon, four irons and a putter. But you should really have 14 clubs and if you get good ones this little lot will cost you more than £60.

#### DYING RACE

There is your bag, of course, and little hoods to cover the heads of the woods, and balls 4s 10d each. There is also your foot. This costs you nothing except deep disgrace if you are caught using it.

Professional caddies are now a dying race. Most golfers now hump their clubs themselves or use a trolley. Trolleys have some advantages over caddies. They don't wear a look of patient martyrdom when you miss the ball or—worse—of frank disbelief when you hit it. Furthermore they don't smoke all your cigarettes.

Golf is not the dressy game it once was. Most men hack away in the bunksers in shirts, sweaters and slacks—some keep their oldest pair of slacks in their clubhouse locker for use solely on the course.

There was a time, though, when the golfer was a most distinguished figure. In the big room of the Royal and Ancient hangs an 'Open' portrait of the Duke of Windsor as Prince of Wales.

There he stands, the complete golfer, in a huge flat cap, plus fours and zig-zag pullover. The clothes are as much a period piece as doublet and hose.

All clubs have a professional who will give you lessons, but you can improve your swing without leaving the West End. Several big stores have their own professional and an indoor golf school. They charge about 7s 6d an hour.

#### WITH REVERENCE

THE Horstmeier Aftaberg-Kenschberg Riesling Trockenbeerenauslese, which I'd rather drink than prosecco, is one of the great wines of the world.

My Uncle, Peregrinus was almost speechless when he heard I'd been drinking it. "Such a waste," he muttered. "Such a waste..." It is a white wine from Bavaria, made from tiny shrivelled grapes, each of which yields only one small drop of nectar and it costs £15 a bottle.

It has rarely been on sale in this country but this year Halsey's have brought a few bottles of the 1956 vintage over.

I like to think they will save two living hands, poured sparingly into brassy snifters and drunk with something approaching reverence.

—(London Express Service).

Or there is old Mr Holdright's school near the Zoo in Regent's Park. He is in his seventies now but he is still a great teacher. A 50-minute lesson will cost you 30s and will do wonders for your game. His assistant costs you a guinea for 50 minutes.

Most golfers are crazy about gadgets. They will buy anything that promises to improve their game by a fraction and there is a great market here for a man who knows a good thing when he sees it.

One of the most popular golfing gadgets on the market now is the Swing-rite. This looks like a club without a head. You swing it just as you would a normal club and if the swing is correct there will be a sharp crack. I swung it several times and it never murmured. I think there is something wrong with it.

Then there is an Italian gadget which records the pressure of your club on a dial. It is not much fun but it is said to strengthen your wrists.

Most golfers call their game golf unless they are Lord Brabazon or Scots. The Scots call it gowff and Lord Brabazon will call it gowff.

What your ductless glands call it I shudder to think.

#### TATTOOS DON'T HAVE TO STAY

A Cry from the heart has reached me from Folkestone. "How on earth do you get rid of tattoos?" writes an embarrassed citizen.

It is not his problem alone. Many a pillar of society still bears on his chest the discomfiting reminder of that night out with the boys in dear old Alex. back in '42.

The answer is go back to your tattooist. If you can't remember who it was try George Burcheit in Waterloo Road.

He will remove it for you and charge you about £1 a square inch. A small one takes about five or six visits, spread over three weeks to efface. A large one might take a couple of years.

It is a long, tedious, uncomfortable and expensive business. But anything is worth getting rid of that galleon in full sail on your back and the awful mermaid who wags her tail whenever you flex your muscles.

**Helena Rubinstein**  
**Special Offer**

**SKIN DEW** Deep-down Moisturiser

Together with  
**Beauty Overnight Cream** To nourish while you sleep



Skin Dew ends dry skin in 10 seconds! Wonderful new French Formula moisturises day and night.  
Beauty Overnight Cream. Rich in emollients and nourishing ingredients does more for your skin in two weeks than two years normal care.

value for only \$19.90  
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Once-a-year offer-for-limited quantity only! Obtainable at the following authorized distributors:

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1A/4



Today—the first of an exciting five-part series

# Search for the 'Yankee cheese-box'

ON DECEMBER 30, 1862, a furious gale swept the bleak, island-like sand strips off the eastern coast of North Carolina known as the Outer Banks.

About 10 miles off the easternmost tip of the banks, Cape Hatteras, the cold, grey Atlantic seas thundered down on the decks of two naval vessels. One was the paddle-wheeler Rhode Island. The other, being towed by Rhode Island, was a weird-looking craft, the ironclad Monitor.

Few ships in the history of the United States Navy are more legendary or controversial than the Monitor. Revolutionary in concept, she was designed by the fiery, imaginative John Ericsson, who built the world's first screw-propelled vessel, the Princeton.

Because of the Monitor's lack of ordinary superstructure—only her revolving gun turret was visible from a distance—she was a poor target and was nicknamed "Yankee cheese-box on a raft."

Mountainous seas soon tore a gap between the Monitor's hull and deck. The pilot house was filled with water. The captain signalled that he was abandoning ship. Then the Monitor dragged anchor and drifted off in the darkness with 16 men aboard.

There, among countless other hulks in the shifting sands of the Outer Banks, the Monitor foundered and slept in peace until July, 1955.

Then there began a new controversial chapter in her history.

★ ★ ★

IN July, 1955, I was a correspondent specialising in military affairs

in the Washington office of "Life" magazine. An ex-Second World War submariner, I was especially interested in stories of undersea adventures and shipwrecks. Thus, when I picked up the newspaper one day, I was intrigued by this heading: **MARINE SKIN DIVER CLAIMS TO HAVE FOUND HULK OF MONITOR**

I read the story. It said that Corp Robert F. Marx, stationed at Camp Lejeune, the Marine Corps base in North Carolina, had located the Civil War hulk while skin diving off Cape Hatteras.

## Claim

Further exploratory efforts had been thwarted because he lacked money for a boat. "You can't rent a boat on a corporal's pay," Marx was quoted as saying.

All this had the makings of a good story. I phoned an editor

in New York and proposed that the magazine mount an expedition to help Marx secure his claim. The editor agreed and soon I was en route to Camp Lejeune.

For most unmarried Marines, Camp Lejeune, stuck away in a remote corner of North Carolina, leaves much to be desired. But for Marx, the location hard by Cape Hatteras with its colossal number of shipwrecks (estimates range from 600 to 2,800) was little less than paradise. The story that intrigued Marx most was that of the Monitor, which in many ways, is Hatteras' most famous wreck.

## Lighthouse

He made friends with an elderly Outer Banker named Gray who thought he could help.

He led Marx to an old record book which listed pertinent family history such as births, marriages and deaths.

The book also contained a notation made early in January, 1865, about two years after the Monitor sank, which described a family "old country Christmas celebration" down on the beach near Cape Hatteras lighthouse, during which the "Yankee

cheese-box on a raft" was seen in the breakers.

Mark returned to the Library of Congress in Washington and checked through the old newspapers and issues of "Harper's Weekly." The Monitor, he found, was commonly referred to as the "Yankee cheese-box on a raft."

Returning to Hatteras, Marx checked another fact: Had the same lighthouse been standing in the same position all those years?

He discovered that it had not. The present lighthouse is a new one. But Marx found the foundations of the old one about 100 feet south of the new one, which was close enough.

There was now only one thing left to do: search the breakers. In January, 1955, Marx took a week's leave and lugged his diving equipment to Hatteras. His week-long search produced not a sign of the "Yankee cheese-box on a raft."

## Receding

One day Marx discovered an old map of Hatteras. He was surprised to see that it put the location of the lighthouse quite a bit inland from its present position on the coast line.

"Have I got the wrong lighthouse?" he wondered. Then the answer came. The coast line of Hatteras, battered by turbulent waves and currents all these years, has been receding—tiding closer to the lighthouse. In the last 100 years, it has crept in nearly a mile.

"That meant the Monitor could not be in the present breakers," Marx said, "but out in the water about a mile."

From the rare and valuable records of the 10th Indian Regiment which was stationed at Cape Hatteras in 1862, Marx found a clue: shortly after the Monitor sank, the bodies of five of the crew were washed ashore on Hatteras.

They had been buried, the records stated, alongside a cedar tree on a small knoll, about a half-mile behind the lighthouse.

Soon Marx was back on Hatteras, searching through the bramble on the knoll directly inland of the lighthouse. There was no sign of the cedar tree, but he found a rotted stump.

He scouted the area near the stump and almost fell headlong into a deep hole. Could this be the grave? If so, who had unearthed it and why?

Marx heard a crackle of twigs behind him and then a deep commanding voice:

"Why are you trespassing on my property?"

Startled, Marx wheeled around and saw an old wrinkle-faced man holding a rifle.

"I'm trying to find some evidence which will help me locate the Monitor," Marx said. He felt foolish.

"Come up to the house and I'll give you a drink," the old man said.

Inside the old man's house Marx saw, to his astonishment, a map of Cape Hatteras with the word "Monitor" splashed across it in a cold, red grease pencil. At the point where

## Astonished

the plane flew back and forth over the Monitor while Marx made ready to cast a homemade buoy from the concrete block out of the cockpit until it dangled 20 or 30 feet below the fuselage. Then, as Holland flew directly over the wreck, Marx tossed out the lead can attached to the concrete. The can caught in the rear of the fuselage, gouging out a large hole in the fabric. Then it arched downward and splashed into the water.

by **CLAY BLAIR, Jun.,** who, with the leading American skin-diver, **ROBERT MARX**, sought ancient wrecks under the sea and had adventures that make their story as exciting as any to be found in fiction.



THE AUTHOR



ROBERT MARX

Marx thought the ship might be—that is to say, about a mile northeast of the lighthouse—there was a large red X.

As they sat drinking, Marx worked his conversation around to the subject of the Monitor. But the old man refused to be drawn out. With something of an uneasy feeling, Marx paid his respects and, after finishing the drink, left the house.

Not long afterward, Marx discovered the identity of the man.

"He's Ben Dixon MacNeill," said a friend. "Kind of a journalist and amateur historian. His hobby is the Monitor, which was supposed to have sunk off Hatteras."

Later in the day Marx approached MacNeill. "I know all about your interest in the Monitor, Mr. MacNeill," Marx said. "Why don't we have a talk?"

They did—for many hours.

Like Marx, MacNeill was convinced that the hulk had washed ashore at a position a mile northeast of the lighthouse. Then he revealed that in aerial searches he had been a hulk believed to be the Monitor "nine times in seven years," and that he had obtained rough bearings.

Eventually there emerged a plan to mount a joint effort to find the Monitor.

## Operations

On June 5, Marx arrived at Cape Hatteras, along with a companion and member of his skin-diving club, Marine P.F.C. Donald Anderson, age 19.

They moved into quarters in a beachside motel furnished by MacNeill and on the following day began operations.

Anderson climbed into a plane and flew back and forth over the approximate spot, while Marx cruised—beneath him—on the water in a small boat.

As the days passed, weather conditions worsened, tempers became short, and Marx and MacNeill began snapping at one another, a condition that seems ultimately to prevail in most salvage operations.

Soon the partnership broke up.

On Sunday morning, June 12, the buoy landed a few hundred yards closer to the beach than the actual position of the Monitor. Marx made a mental note of this and then ordered Holland to fly the battered plane over the ship toward prominent landmarks.

Marx recalls: "All at once, the plane buzzed my raft madly. The wings were wagging so hard I thought they would come off. They buzzed me again and again.

"Andy" Anderson was beside himself with excitement.

"Marx! Marx! Quick, get up there! You can see wrecks all over the place. You can see the Monitor. Close in by the shore."

"I could see at least a dozen wrecks scattered about like toy ships in a bath tub.

"I could see the gun turret and pilot house of the Monitor sticking up on the bow. The stern was half buried in sand."

## "Bombing"

The plane flew back and forth over the Monitor while Marx made ready to cast a homemade buoy from the concrete block out of the cockpit until it dangled 20 or 30 feet below the fuselage. Then, as Holland flew directly over the wreck, Marx tossed out the lead can attached to the concrete. The can caught in the rear of the fuselage, gouging out a large hole in the fabric. Then it arched downward and splashed into the water.

Marx's bombing was poor. The buoy landed a few hundred yards closer to the beach than the actual position of the Monitor. Marx made a mental note of this and then ordered Holland to fly the battered plane over the ship toward prominent landmarks.

By afternoon the tumultuous celebrating in the Marx encampment had reached the ears of Ben Dixon MacNeill. Marx

on shore, such as the lighthouse and a radio tower. Using the plane's magnetic compass for bearings, Marx obtained an approximate fix.

The small encampment had reached a fever-pitch of excitement. Anderson, recalling that they had brought along a bottle of fine old wine to celebrate, it and when they found the Monitor, raced to the cabin. He emerged from the room still running, bottle in hand, whereupon he tripped on the sidewalk and fell headlong. The bottle was smashed and Anderson landed on the broken fragments, severely cutting his wrists and hands.

## Apprehension

Meanwhile, back at the cabin, Marx dropped a coin into the radio in his room. He was astonished to hear a weird cacophony something like "Beep, Tweet, Beep," and then the words, "This is Monitor." It was the first time Marx had heard this new programme, a feature of NBC, and when he heard the word "Monitor" he was suddenly seized with deep apprehension. He asked himself, "Am I going nuts?"

He ran from the cabin, shouting, "Anybody ever heard of a thing on radio called 'Monitor'?" He was not reassured until he found someone who had. Even so, for the rest of the day, he marvelled at the coincidence.

By afternoon the tumultuous celebrating in the Marx encampment had reached the ears of Ben Dixon MacNeill. Marx

paid MacNeill a visit, again suggesting a reconciliation, but MacNeill refused to offer any kind of assistance. The schism was broad and deep and would remain so.

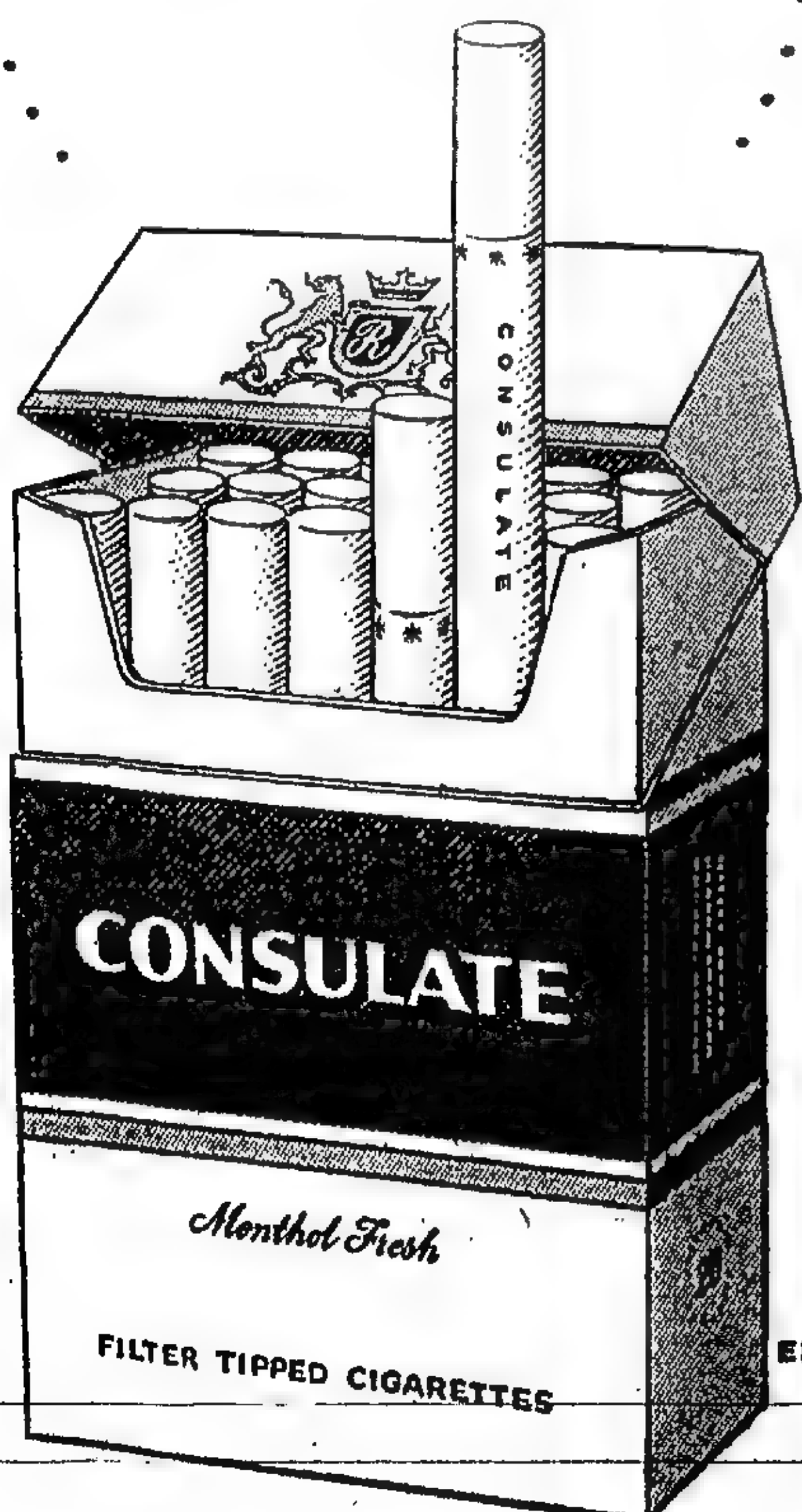
Now that he had roughly marked the location of the wreck, Marx was anxious to get into his diving gear and go down to take a first-hand look. But difficulties mounted. He was near-pemless, eating fish he could spear in the sound. Typically for Hatteras, the weather turned bad again and the seas became rough. In spite of this, Marx urged fishermen to take him out in their big shrimp boats, free of charge. They just laughed.

Finally, the local sheriff, named Basset, perhaps possessing a "sense of history," offered to lend a hand. He transported Marx and his gear to sea in a small boat powered by an outboard motor. But in this rough water the craft proved unsuitable for diving. In fact it was all they could do to keep from swamping. Marx threw over twelve buoys to mark the approximate position of the wreck. Then, for the next four days, he sat on the beach, helpless, watching the buoy bobbing up and down at sea. In the middle of June his leave expired and he returned to Camp Lejeune, heavy of heart.

## NEXT WEEK:

The Monitor is reached

Cool and soothing to the throat and chest



BEST TOBACCOS \* PERFECTED FILTER  
THE ORIGINAL MENTHOL CIGARETTE

CONSULATE MENTHOL ARE BETTER FOR YOU



# STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By MAX FREIL

Three Mailmen came down the street with the bag of letters over his shoulder. Knarf, the Shadow Boy, was sitting on the grass in the front of his house.

"Good morning, Mr. Mailman," he said. "Good morning, Boy," he said.

Any letters?

"Have you got any letters for me?" asked Knarf.

"Nope. I have," said the Mailman. "What's your name?"

Knarf told the Mailman his name.

"Now let me see," said the Mailman. "I'll look in my bag and see if I have any letters for you."

"I've got several letters," said Knarf. "I've got one from my mother, one from my father, and one from my sister."

"Where can you tell me where to find the folks?"

"My mother is on that street," said Knarf.

"The Mailman put on his eye-glasses to look carefully.

"There's three letters," he said.

"These three letters," he said.

"Has it got my name on it?"

asked Knarf.

"That's it, lad. Less and less together fingers."

"Well, I'll be a man!"

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## A Letter For Knarf

—It's The Last One In The Mailman's Bag—

"It goes to a Mr. Dumpty," said the Mailman. "They went to the city of Gotham. But where is that?"

"That's in the Mother Goose Book, too," said Knarf.

"The Mailman pulled out a whole handful of letters. Contrary to what Knarf had said, there were three letters in the bag."

"Some of the letters were addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt who lived in a cottage on a street that had no name."

"Knarf asked the Mailman, 'Where is that?'"

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"Knarf asked the Mailman, 'Where is that?'"

"That's in the Mother Goose Book, too," said Knarf.

The Mailman held the little envelope up very close to his eyes.

"It's addressed to 'The Boy-Who-Is-Sitting-On-The-Steps-In-Front-Of-His-House'."

"That must be me," said Knarf. "I'm glad you got a letter from me."

"Thank you, Mr. Mailman," said Knarf.

"The Mailman handed the little envelope to Knarf.

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"Who - Is - Sitting - On - The - Steps - In - Front - Of - His - House?"

PROBABLY, you have often wished you could be alone—especially when a younger brother or sister bothers you as you work on your model plane or some other hobby.

It will surprise you then to find that scientists consider loneliness (they call it "isolation") one of the big problems of space travel.

But, remember how, when you are alone in a room, you find yourself often looking out at live things—birds and squirrels, for example—you will realize how lonely you will be in a real space trip.

Four times as long as the seven days it will take for a round trip to the moon.

Five men took a 5-day "space trip" and said they could have taken a longer trip.

All of the men who took these different "trips" came through within that age group.

Contributions and all activities of the Club will be limited to members only.

Contributions may consist of anything that is publishable—articles, letters, stories, photographs, drawings, verses.

But only the best will be printed.

All contributions MUST be original.

Written contributions should not consist of more than 350 words; photographs and drawings will only be accepted in black-and-white.

Fill this in and send it to the China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

Name

Age

Occupation

Address

# SECTION FOR HONGKONG

## THERE IS LOTS OF ROOM TO BE LONESOME UP IN SPACE

Rockets can blast off and return, but what happens to man while in space?

pecially if a man is entirely alone in the space cabin.

A window, even if it shows only the cold, empty, dark-ness of outer space is helpful. The astronauts say that the isolation tests showed that Mercury capsule was changed to include a window.

Two airmen spent a whole month in a two-man space cabin simulator. They did all the things astronauts will do on a real space trip.

They were over four times as long as the seven days it will take for a round trip to the moon.

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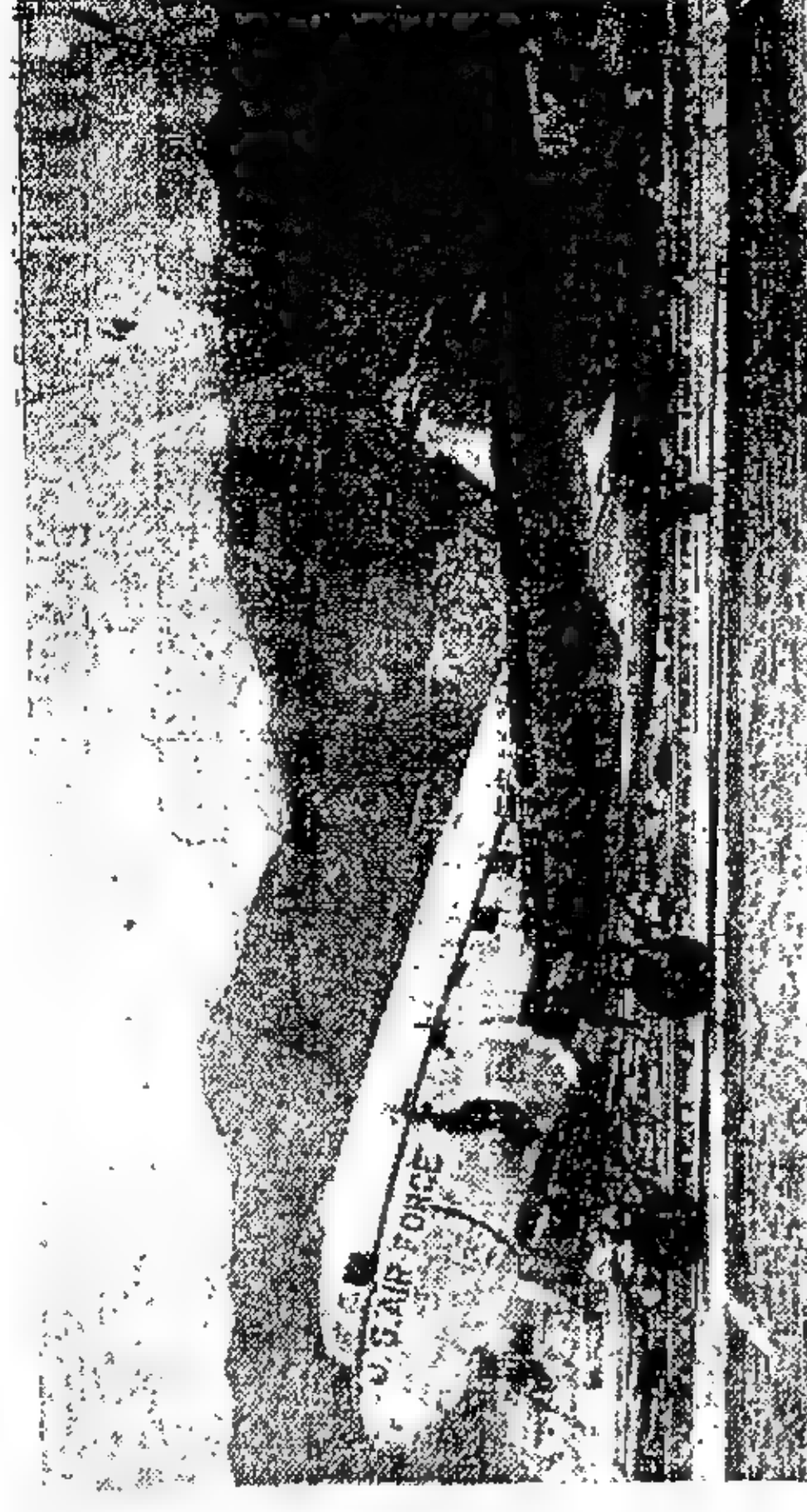
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## DOUGLAS DC-3 OR C-47

The second in the series on planes being presented in this section by the Hongkong Aircraft Enthusiasts Club.

The Douglas DC-3 is a twin engine transport aircraft with a maximum speed of 216 m.p.h. The military version of this plane is known as C-47. Flown for the first time on December 22, 1935, the DC-3 is still in active service today.

Many C-47's had been converted into the more powerful R4D-8. The conversion involved the fitting of new wings, tail unit, landing gear, and more powerful engines.

On April 19 this year, a C-47 crashed into Mount Parker shortly after taking off from Kai Tak, killing all but one of the 16 persons on board.

## The 17-21 Club's

### five rules

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Whether you're eating, like this space pilot, sleeping, looking out the window or reading, space is a lonesome place.

## BIBLE QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Saul—because his army had been routed by the Philistines and his three sons lay dead. He himself was wounded, but his armour-bearer refused to put him out of his pain.

2. David—to show his thanksgiving for the entry of the Ark of the Lord into Jerusalem. Saul's daughter Michal observed him through a window and despised him.

3. The Gibeonites, one of the tribes of Canaan, who, fearing Joshua's troops, dressed up as travellers from a far country and succeeded in signing a treaty with Joshua.

(1) Chronicles, Chapter 10, Verses 1-4)

(2) Samuel, Chapter 6, Verses 12-16)

(3) Joshua, Chapter 9, Verses 3-23)



Sheaffer's PEN THE BOLD NEW PEN DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR MEN



Above all! SWISSAIR Convair Jets

HAVE A BREAK



HAVE A KieKat

As always



ILFORD

By MAX FREIL

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## SUSAN BARNES

★★

# I'm tired of being nagged about men says teenager Tuesday Weld

**HOLLYWOOD** today is one of the more conventional centres. The industry takes itself seriously. Actors and actresses are expected to conform to a curious code of conduct.

The late Humphrey Bogart remarked when someone accused him of promiscuity: "That's a lie. I've always behaved in the most moral way. I've been married four times."

Divorces are O.K. Love affairs are not.

## SHOW BUSINESS

## Alarmed

Also taboo is a wide age-gap between a girl and a man.

So when Tuesday Weld, at 16, began sharing martinis with Frank Sinatra and John Ireland, the industry grew alarmed.

Accordingly, America's first Brigitte Bardot—now 17 and wiser—has changed her habits.

"In Hollywood they go more on appearances than on anything else. Someone won't talk to you if you're wearing a certain colour. You know? And my going out with older men is looked upon with a great deal of disapproval."

[Tuesday has an engaging habit of arranging her sentences, also, in a private manner.]

"People think that if I go out with a man in his forties, it is perfunctory that a low affair is going on. They can't understand that he would have any rapport or understanding with a girl of 16."

"I don't care about public opinion, but I do get tired of being nagged. It gets irritating. I shouldn't do this, I shouldn't do that. I shouldn't do anything. But I do. I just do it where people won't see me."

## Uproar

Tuesday ran a small hand, brown from the sun, through her short curls, bleached from a bottle. Her eyes are chocolate-coloured, her nose is snubbed, and she has the wide, delicious Bardot mouth.

"In Hollywood they even get upset if you wear beanie clothes. And they want me to wear shoes all the time. There was all that uproar because I did an interview on TV and I forgot my shoes."

The child face looked solemn and candid as she pondered.

"Actually," she went on, "I was mad and tired. I didn't want to do the interview. So I didn't put my shoes on. They said I was a disgrace to the industry and a poor model for the up-and-coming teenager."

Tuesday opened her mouth and let out a "hooh nooh" shout of laughter.

## Hard way

"The fact that I live with my mother a lot of the time doesn't help matters, because people criticise her. This makes her mad. She tries to stop me, and that makes it worse."

"She's always let me drink, though. She felt if a fruit was forbidden, it would be taken more quickly."

"But in other things, she is not so tolerant. You see, I like to do things the hard way. If something is wrong, I want to find it out for myself. I don't want to take it on hearsay."

"Of course, this kind of attitude is hard on a mother. She thinks it's not good for you and you're going to be hurt. And she's right."

"But the time when I sit down and stop exploring, mentally as well as physically, I might as well be 10ft. under. I don't think there's much sense in living if you're not going to do something you want to do."

"You shouldn't deprive yourself of an experience. The more

mistakes you make, the more you profit by them. Sometimes. Again the open, innocent face broke into a huge grin.

"In my case, I never profit by them. I just go out and make the same mistake again—with my eyes wide open."

"Which means," I said, "that you don't really regard them as mistakes."

"That's right," said Tuesday. "I enjoyed them."

## Basic

"Owwwwww!" Tuesday's hairdresser, a middle-aged woman who clearly does on the child, had inadvertently pulled a blonde curl too hard.

"I don't go very much with groups of show people. When I get home from work, I want to forget about it. You see, I like basic things—such as love and sun and water and running."

"I don't see why most girls want to get married. You're more apt to sustain and keep the love if you don't tie it down. Basically, I don't think men want to get married. What they want is to get away from the woman who is so anxious to marry."

Tuesday was silent, and her mouth relaxed into its natural pout as she stared concentratedly into the glass and plucked her eyebrows.

## Fascination

Then she began painting her eyes, watching with intense fascination as she made them bigger and bigger. When the make-up man took over again, she continued:

"I went through a period when I had to know everything. I guess I was 16. I got to be a great nuisance. I'd go to somebody's house for a party and s' with an almanac."

"I spent a week trying to find out who was the Queen of The Netherlands. But nobody seemed to know. Nobody. I was obsessed with this."

TUESDAY WELD: "I never profit by my mistakes—I enjoy them."

Obsessed. Finally I learned her name from an intellectual friend of mine. It was Wilhelmina."

"I did not point out to her that her intellectual friend was slightly out of date. But I asked her if the older men she knew included other intellectuals."

"Yeah," said Tuesday. "There've been a few."

"I respect different kinds of people," she went on, "as long as they have a goal, an ambition of some kind—even if it's an ambition to be a bum—if they do it thoroughly. If someone is thoroughly no good, I respect him."

"In my own case, I think a certain amount of self-discipline is a good thing."

"How do you discipline yourself?" I asked.

"By dancing. I take five lessons a week. If I don't do this, I'm not happy. It's the one thing I do absolutely regularly."

"In other things, I am changeable. I can change my clothes as much as 15 or 20 times a day. I had six cars last year. The one I liked most was a Mercedes. After that I had a Lincoln Continental, because I thought that was very elegant."

## So odd

"But I had to dress to match the car. I got tired of that. So I turned it in for another."

"Do you turn in men the same way?" I asked.

"Same way," said Tuesday. "You learn all there is to know about someone, and then you move on."

I left Tuesday with her maid and her hairdresser, and her make-up man and her huge white German shepherd named Wolf.

As we said goodbye, she lit another cigarette, and again her brown hand moved nervously through her hair. It was odd to realise the child's hand and the peroxide curls belonged to the same person.

(London Express Service).

## JACOBY on BRIDGE

THE disease of slamitis is not confined to average players. Give an expert one of those nice collections of aces and kings and he will give into a slam just as enthusiastically as anyone else.

Anyway, the bidding went the same at both tables in the team game. One West player decided on the safe lead of the eight of trumps.

South won the trick with dummy's queen and led the queen of diamonds for a finesse. West took his king and led a second trump whereupon South had to go down one trick.

He was able to discard his losing heart on the jack of diamonds and to ruff one club, but the fourth club was a loser.

At the other table West decided on the aggressive lead of the five clubs and this act of aggression proved to be a serious mistake.

South called for dummy's jack and when it held the trick South had no trouble making his contract. One club loser had been accounted for.

NORTH 27	
♠ Q 8 3	
♥ Q 8 6 3	
♦ Q J 4 3	
♣ J 4	
WEST	
♠ 10 8	♠ J 4 2
♥ J 7 5	♥ K 10 4 2
♦ K 10 7 2	♦ 8 6 5
♣ Q 10 8 5	♣ A 9 3 2
SOUTH (D)	
♠ A K 7 6 5	
♥ A 8	
♦ A 9	
♣ A K 7 6	
No one vulnerable	
South West North East	
2 ♠ Pass 3 ♠ Pass	
6 ♠ Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♠ 8	

The rest of the play was the same as at the other table. South lost the diamond finesse and West led a trump just once too late. South won in dummy, cashed his ace of diamonds and ace of clubs, ruffed his remaining low club, discarded his losing heart on the good diamond, drew trumps and claimed his slam.

## CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
2 ♠ Pass 3 ♠ Pass  
4 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass  
4 ♠ ?

You, South, hold:  
♠ 3 2 ♥ K 8 6 5 ♦ Q 4 3 ♣ J 9 5 4  
What do you do?

A—Bid five hearts. Your partner certainly wants to get to a slam but you started with a positive response to his opening two bid.

TODAY'S QUESTION  
He continues with a bid of six diamonds. What do you do now?  
Answer on Monday.

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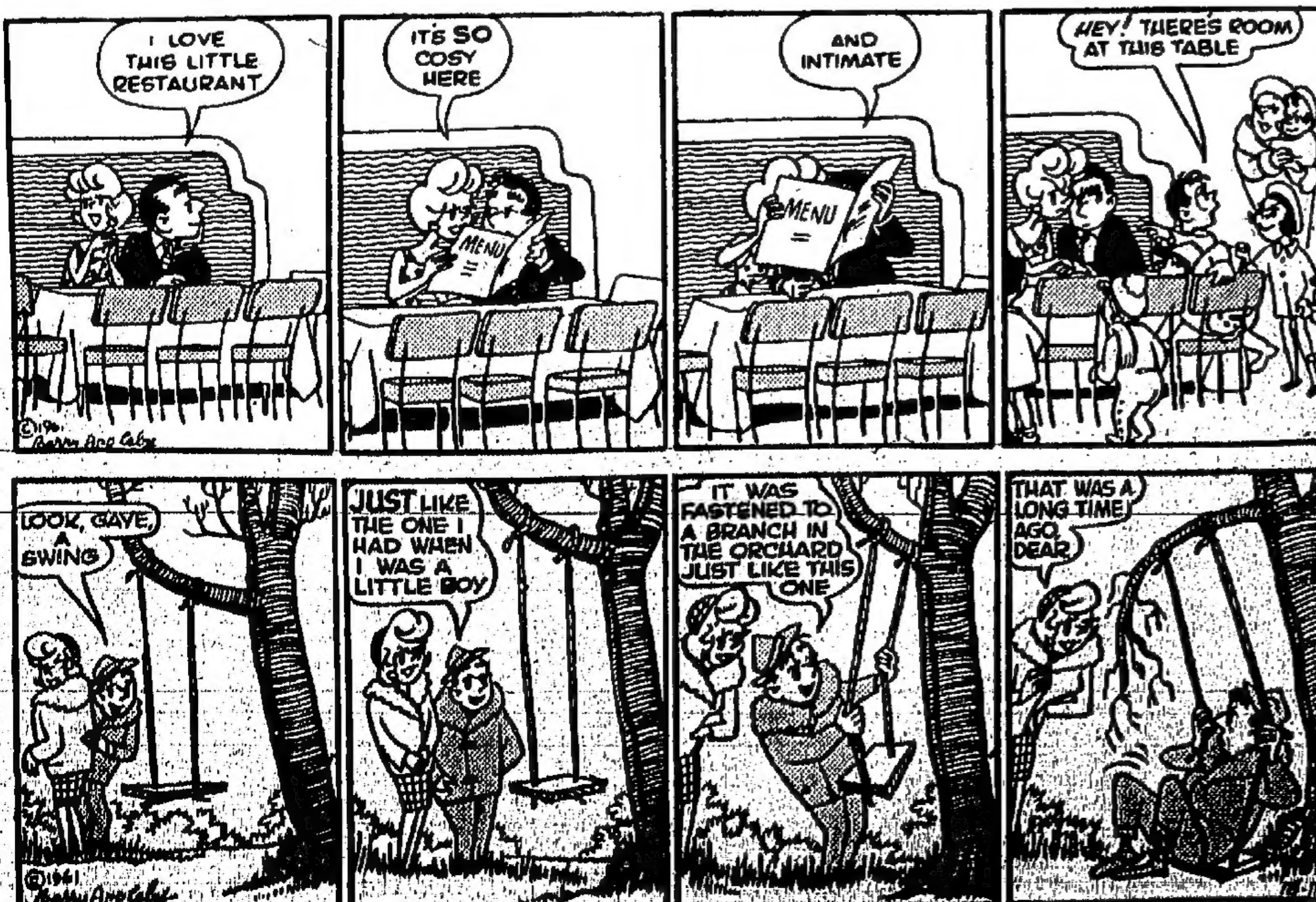
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## THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



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Roderick Mann off on his travels.

## Roderick Mann

TO GO round the world . . . to stop off at romantic-sounding islands where the women are beautiful and the sun is always shining—that is the daydream of many of us. To bring that daydream a little closer, one of our top columnists is on a round the world trip. He will report on the places he sees and the people he meets. In this, his first report, he takes you to India's top school for snake charmers; to the famed Taj Mahal; and lets you listen in on a conversation he had with a Tibetan refugee at Katmandu.

# I meet the dons—at the College of Snake Charmers

I HAD arrived—tired, sleepy, and a trifle irritable—at six in the morning. And they had given me a room directly above the bar.

"I asked for a quiet room," I said.

"Yes, sir," the boy said. "This is the quietest room in the hotel. In Delhi, public drinking is forbidden. The bar is never used."

And so it proved. Though I suspect that having a much more had been some one, I would have slept through it.

For I had been awake for the first time in my life. I had been told that the College of Snake Charmers was a mile from here at Meerut. It is a snake-charming university. All the very best snake charmers in India live and teach here.

I was immediately interested, and he turned the car off the main road and drove for a mile up a rocky track until we could go no further.

## Challenge

When I finally awoke, I ordered a steak for lunch. I enjoy Indian food, but I knew I would have a surfeit by the time I was through.

The waiter was sorry. No steak.

My hotel, The Ashoka, is State controlled. Up until this year they had served steaks, apparently, but then one of Nehru's political opponents made it an election issue.

"How can you support a Government which kills sacred cows to serve meat to the tourists?" he challenged.

Next day steaks disappeared from the Ashoka menu. Friends here were most anxious that I should see a fair cross-section of India. Delhi, Benares, Calcutta. With, of

course, a visit to Agra for the Taj Mahal.

I fell in with their plans, and it was on the way to Agra that I had my most intriguing experience in India.

About 15 miles outside Delhi the driver stopped the car. "There is a school for snake charmers a mile from here at Meerut. It is a snake-charming university. All the very best snake charmers in India live and teach here."

I was immediately interested, and he turned the car off the main road and drove for a mile up a rocky track until we could go no further.

We then walked the last half-mile to Meerut, which turned out to be a small village of about 100 huts.

A bed was brought out and the chief, 70-year-old Hiranth, followed out to greet us.

Yes, he said, this was indeed the University of Snake Charmers. Top people came from all over the place—China, Tibet, Ceylon—to learn how to catch snakes, extract their poison, and charm them.

He himself had been working with snakes since he was eight. How many snakes were there in the school? About 1,000, mostly cobras and pythons.

Snake charmers went out from his village to work and teach all over India. Would I care to see a performance?

I would.

While I sat cross-legged on the bed, five of his top practi-

## Swaying

tioner brought out their circular baskets and began to play their pipe.

He grinned a blackened grin. The snakes were still slithering about so, I did not argue.

I paid up: 30 rupees (about 45s.), and we pressed on, through the crowded traffic of ox carts, goats, elephants, bicycles and sacred cows, to the Taj Mahal.

"Every man should have four wives. A Hindu wife to bear children; a Persian wife for conversation; an Afghan wife to keep house; and a Turkish wife to beat as an example to others."

New Delhi itself, built by the British, is a dull town; an uninspiring monument to departed Empire glory.

I found Benares infinitely more interesting. Every day thousands scurry down to the banks of the Ganges to bathe in the waters. Many actually clean their teeth in it.

"Actually," said my companion, an Indian business man, "it is not as filthy a business as it appears. The Ganges, we have discovered, contains radioactive substances which give it curative powers. This explains why no one is ever infected from it."

Further away were the burning ghats where Hindu dead are cremated in the open and their ashes cast into the Ganges. Benares is a holy city, and many believe that to die there means to pass on to a higher incarnation. So the city is permanently full of old people, anxiously awaiting the end.

The burning ghats are a gruesome sight, but less shocking perhaps than the Parsi funerals in Bombay, where the

dead are placed on towers to be devoured by vultures.

As we watched the devout bathing and praying in the water my host said: "You know, India is not nearly as spiritual as we like to make out. We are not quite so materialistic as America and Britain perhaps, but we are getting that way."

"What are all those people praying for, do you think? For health, happiness, wealth, and strong children. The same things you pray for in your country."

Today India has progressed from the bullock cart age into the bicycle age. And whereas in the '40s the expectation of life was only 32, today it is 47.

But the task of uplifting 440 million people—most of whom live in squalor, thousands of whom sleep in the streets in places like Calcutta—is gigantic.

It cannot, says Nehru, be left to private enterprise, "which believes in the monstrous philosophy of grand and private profit." So slowly but surely Nehru steers his country to wards Socialism.

I made one side trip while I was here that I will not easily forget—to Katmandu in Nepal.

Later, and he went happily on his way, still grinning.

Then it was time to fly back to New Delhi and prepare to move on.

The driver who picked me up at the airport was the same man who had driven me to Agra earlier in the week.

"Master," he said, "you have come back."

That master bit, they know, is always good for an extra five rupees.

## AND MY BED-SIDE SEAT AT A 'COMMAND SHOW' COSTS ME 45s.

## Stunning

"Henceforth," wrote Edward Lear, "let the world be divided into two classes—them as has seen the Taj Mahal and them as hasn't."

Well, he had something. It really is a stunning sight.

A nearby guide was mumbling away the usual tourist stuff about how long the Taj Mahal took to build and how much it cost, but I was not interested.

The important thing, it seemed to me, was that here was the tomb of Empress Mumtaz-Mahal, built between 1632 and 1650 by the man who loved her.

His grandfather Akbar The Great lies in a tomb five miles away at Sikandra. He left nothing as magnificent as the Taj Mahal, but I find he did leave this bit of advice behind:—

"Every man should have four wives. A Hindu wife to bear children; a Persian wife for conversation; an Afghan wife to keep house; and a Turkish wife to beat as an example to others."

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The snakes were still slithering about, so I did not argue. I paid up.

## Arranged

He was getting married, he said, in two weeks' time. It had all been arranged. The girl had been picked by his parents.

I wished him luck and asked if he had had any say in the matter?

"None," he said, "but then, master, 90 per cent of marriages in India are still arranged by the parents."

"The woman I am to marry is obedient and good. I will grow to love her. In India we believe that if a marriage does not begin with great passion then it cannot end with great hatred."

"We shall be content," he dropped me off at the hotel and I gave him the extra five rupees, as he knew I would. Then I went in to pack my bags.

Now I'm off to Bangkok. London Express Service.

## Devil dances

I made one side trip while I was here that I will not easily forget—to Katmandu in Nepal.

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## GREAT ANIMAL STORIES, by ROWENA FARRE

ONE of the most delightful animal books of recent years was Seal Morning (Hutchinson), from which this is an extract. In it, Rowena Farre described a childhood in a remote croft in Sutherlandshire, where she lived with her Aunt Miriam and Lora, her pet seal.

SINCE ancient times it has been known that seals are attracted by music and singing. They have perhaps the largest vocal range among mammals.

Their repertoire includes grunts, snorts, barks, peculiar mewling bisses, and a wail that often rises from a deep bass to a treble.

Lora's musical talent came out early. When I played a simple tune at a fairly slow pace with bars of steadily ascending and descending notes, she made valiant efforts to follow the music in a tuneless wail.

Within a week she was able to get through Baa-baa Black Sheep and Danny Boy without a break, and was beginning to learn Where My Caravan Has Rested.

She also began to pester me for my mouth organ, but found to her annoyance that it emitted no sound in spite of being gnawed with vigour.

She gave a loud sigh of desperation. This produced a blast of noise from the mouth organ and galvanised Lora to fresh efforts to set off for a walk.

When I returned in about an hour Lora had learnt the blow-and-suck method and there she was, blowing and sucking feebly in a state of almost complete exhaustion, for she had been doing this, apparently, ever since I had left her.

A young friend of mine, after visiting us, sent her a toy trumpet. Lora soon learnt to render ear-splitting blasts on this when it was held for her.

Another friend sent her a small xylophone complete with mallets. She would hold the xylophone in her front teeth and bang any note to which I pointed.

Her self-imposed practising of these various instruments drove us almost to distraction at times. It became necessary to put her out of her reach and allow her to play them only for short periods in the evenings.

An uncle of mine used to hold delightful (musical) evenings at

his home outside Aberdeen, where local talent used to perform. Uncle Andrew became obsessed with the idea that Lora should be a guest. He arrived one evening in his brake to collect her and me.

We set off early the following morning. I had packed two suitcases, one containing my belongings, the other Lora's instruments and her mackintosh.

The brake bounced over the track, but Lora took the bumps and jolts calmly, and appeared to enjoy the ride.

On the evening of the ceiling I led her into the drawing-room where it was to be held. My feelings about the forthcoming proceedings were dubious.

A well-known singer of mouth music (unaccompanied singing) was coming and had consented to start the evening with a song.

A mellowed player was to take the platform next, followed by Lora giving an exhibition of xylophone playing. That was to comprise the first half of the evening.

There would be a break for supper. During the second half, amongst other attractions, Lora was to sing to my piano accompaniment. So far so good.

The guests started to arrive. Lora, the most sociable and vainglorious of creatures, greeted them warmly. I suggested to

Uncle, as the first artist took her place at the far end of the room, that I should shut Lora into his study until it was her turn to perform.

## Veto

But he and several of the guests vetoed this suggestion at once. She must stay.

The singer smiled charmingly and started off with the assurance of a professional. She managed to sing a few notes of an old Aberdeen air before the inevitable happened: Lora raised her head and roared her rage from a deep bass to a seal top C. Even a full Covent Garden chorus would not have been able to compete with that, and the singer wisely gave up there and then.

The audience were hysterical with laughter. They had not heard anything so good as that for a long while.

When a certain amount of calm had been restored, someone suggested that Lora be allowed to perform first and the human factor later; that she would get her little hot off her chest and be willing to listen to others.

It was blatantly apparent that he had no knowledge of seal manners, but by then she was out of my hands and

being stage-managed by others. She was lifted bodily on to the top of the piano by two stalwart males so that the audience would get a good view of her, and the xylophone was placed before her.

I stood by her side, ready to point to the notes, in case she should be overcome by a sudden fit of nerves at the sight of so large an audience and momentarily forget her place.

My presence proved unnecessary. She took the mallets from me and started off with aplomb on Baa-baa Black Sheep. The audience strained forward, I caught murmurs of—"Yes, I recognised that bit."

"Quite incredible . . ." and "Isn't she playing Danny Boy now?"

"No, I'm sure she isn't. Oh, perhaps she might be . . ."

Loud applause greeted the final either of the sealer along the length of the instrument, which denoted the end of Danny Boy and was followed by vociferous calls for an encore.

"Carry on," said Uncle, beaming at me.

I thought the front row, consisting of the other prospective performers, looked a trifle discouraged at the way things were going. I announced where My Caravan Has Rested.

Lora got off to a splendid start, whacking notes left, right and

centre. The caravan had apparently got loose from its moorings and was rushing towards a head-on collision.

There was a loud crash as the xylophone fell to the floor, pushed off by Lora's exuberant playing. The audience rose to its feet.

After a short pause in which to recover their breath, people uttered more fulsome exclamations of delight; "Marvellous, isn't she?"

The mellophone player got up. He did not appear too happy at having to follow such a popular performer. I began to realise why professional actors so heartily dislike children and animals taking part in a play, when they are around nobody else gets a look in.

His misgivings proved to be correct. He failed as lamentably to make an impression in competition with the loudly singing Lora, as had the first performer.

With great good humour he walked back to his seat defeated and Lora again took the platform this time to play mouth organ.

After supper I made up my mind to take things in hand a little. For my part, I very much wanted to hear the mellophone player in action, but if the second half of the evening followed the trend of the first, that pleasure seemed unlikely to be fulfilled.

## Wails

While the rest were busy eating and talking, I managed to inveigle Lora into Uncle Andrew's study and close the door on her.

The study most unfortunately was not soundproof, and when the music started, her piteous wails at being excluded from the proceedings drew the attention of the guests. Someone went along at once to let her out.

In a final attempt to keep order I made her sit by my side and told her severely to be quiet. The result was no less disastrous.

Seals have free-flowing tentacles and the patch of skin immediately below the eyes is continually moist. Lora, over-coming with frustration at not being allowed to take part, sat with tears pouring down her face.

The evening finished with a singing in which I need hardly say Lora outshone the rest of us. But it was assured by Uncle that the evening had been a great success.

(London Express Service)

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Sole Agents: SHEWAN TOMES



# Dragons vs Fusiliers pick of today's Rugby matches

By LANCASTRIAN

One thing after another has reduced today's local fixture card to three matches, and as they will all be on different grounds more's the pity from the watchers' point of view.

The pick of the matches, I should say, will be at Sookunpoo where the Dragons will be playing the Fifth Fusiliers (RNF) at 4.15.

Dragon form has varied so much in the past few weeks that it is difficult to predict. If they have one of their better days they will be in the water, but they have one of their worst days today. The pick of the matches, I should say, will be at Sookunpoo where the Dragons will be playing the Fifth Fusiliers (RNF) at 4.15.

**Land Forces Cup**  
On the Kowloon side there is a new arrangement for the Land Forces Cup. The winner of the cup will be the team which wins the most matches in the competition. The winner of the cup will be the team which wins the most matches in the competition.

**Good meeting**  
Kennedy, of course, is on the field and could well play at full-back when Wilson is rested, but he will probably be happier to stay at centre.

**Worried**  
"It's all very well being sporty and neighbourly," said Mr Hardaker, "but we must look after our own interests."

## Football League bar Rugby on Soccer grounds

By REGINALD PELLING

The next Rugby tourists to visit Britain, the 1963 All-Blacks, will almost certainly be denied the use of League Soccer grounds for their show-piece matches.

**Worried**  
"It's all very well being sporty and neighbourly," said Mr Hardaker, "but we must look after our own interests."

## Johnson withdraws from title fight

Miami Beach, Nov. 17. Harold Johnson, recognised as the world light heavyweight champion by the National Boxing Association, today withdrew from his scheduled Dec. 2 title-fight with Doug Jones of New York.

Heavyweight Eddie Macrae was signed to replace him. Jones, who is undefeated in 19 straight bouts, and Macrae, ranked second among heavy-weight contenders by both Ring Magazine and the NBA, will meet on that same date here in a 10-round bout.

Johnson wired Miami Beach promoter Chris Dundee today that he was unable to train for the proposed title bout because of an injured right foot.

## Sheffield Shield cricket rained out

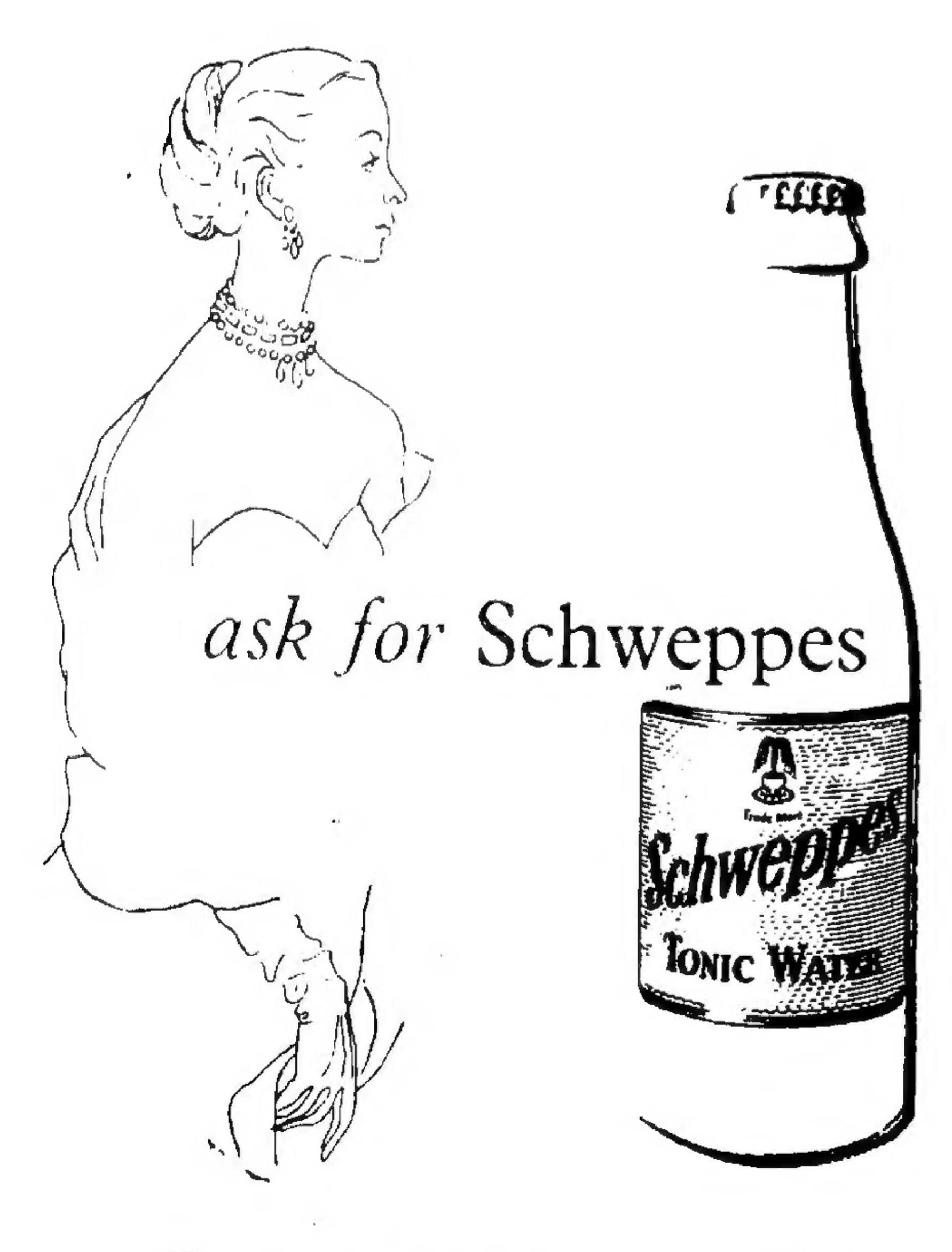
Brisbane, Nov. 17. Rain prevented play on the opening day of the Queensland-Western Australian Sheffield Shield match here today.

Further rain is forecast. West Indian fast bowler Wesley Hall is scheduled to make his Sheffield Shield debut in this match as a member of the Queensland team.

**UK soccer results**  
London, Nov. 17. Results of tonight's British soccer matches were:

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Division III  
Coventry 0 Crystal Palace 2  
Reading 3 Watford 2  
Reuter.

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